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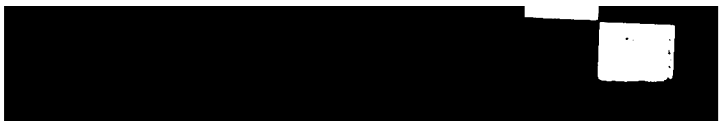
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1870

COP. 2



1

SONGS OF SALVATION.

WORK SONGS.

WELCOME SONGS.

PRAYER SONGS.

FAITH AND HOPE SONGS.

PRAISE SONGS.

JOY SONGS.

FESTIVAL SONGS.

HOME SONGS.

PILGRIM SONGS.

HEAVEN SONGS.

BY

THEODORE E. PERKINS,

AND

REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.

NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THEODORE E. PERKINS, 76 E. NINTH ST.

1870.

For Sale by Book, Music, and Sunday School Supply Dealers.

D Sing unto the Lord a new Song.

SONGS OF SALVATION to God for his redeeming love in Jesus Christ. Let us tune voices of praise with hearts of gratitude in thanksgiving to him whose mercy endureth for ever.

Let the worthy song of praise ascend to the ear of the Most High, borne on the melody of devotional music. Let the school, the church, the family, ring merrily with the psalm of joy bursting forth from souls overflowing with gratitude for pardon, for peace, for hope of eternal life.

We will not only "make a joyful noise unto the Lord," but we will "sing with the spirit, and with the understanding also." Our songs shall be rich with the spirit of his revealed will, and we will begin each one with a passage of his revealed will. Let us sing *WORK SONGS* to tell us of the "strength which he gives us; to cheer us as we labor; to bathe given himself for us."

In our *WELCOME SONGS* we sound the invitations of saving grace into the ear of the stranger to God, and we sing of the fulness of the mercy with which we are bidden into the "banqueting house" where "his banner over us is love."

We raise our *FAITH AND HOPE SONGS*, to sing of the "full assurance of faith" which is every Christian's joy, and of the hope which entereth into that within the veil. As we pray we will unite in the notes of song, and lift our requests to the mercy-seat in the notes of song, and bring our petitions to our Father and our Saviour.

In *PRAISE SONGS* we will join in the gladdest of our requests to the mercy-seat in the notes of song, and lift our petitions to our Father and our Saviour. As we pray we will unite in the notes of song, and bring our petitions to our Father and our Saviour.

Our *JOY SONGS* we will carry from our hearts our glad notes of joy and thanksgiving for the light, the blessing, the salvation, which we have from God in Christ Jesus.

For our special occasions and Christian festivities we will gladden our hearts in the singing of *FESTIVAL SONGS*, pervaded with a spirit of triumph in him through whose birth, death, and resurrection we have our hope of eternal joy.

At home we will sing *HOME SONGS*, and make the house vocal with the strains of Christian happiness. Our *PILGRIM SONGS* will remind us that we are "Pilgrims and Strangers" here, seeking "a better country, that is, an heavenly."

And in our *HEAVEN SONGS*, we will sing of the coming rest and the hoped-for glory. We will praise our God for the gift of song to help us on our heavenward march, to lighten our footsteps as we travel, to point us to the purchased glory.

In these *SONGS OF SALVATION* we have drawn both from the treasure-houses of old and well-tried songs of praise, and from the newer contributions to the service of song in the house of the Lord. We have faithfully endeavored to exclude that which is absurd and trifling in poetry, as well as that which is undevotional in music. We have tried to provide that which may be sung with holy joy and with spiritual profit, in the Sunday school, the family, the church, and wherever God's children are gathered for praise, for prayer, or study.

May the entrance of God's word give light to our hearts; may his love inspire us as we sing his praise; may his grace richly dwell in us, and minister to us a holy joy in ascribing salvation to his name. And when we are done with the imperfections of earthly music, may we join that choir who sing the glad "new song" without an incomplete chord or discordant note.

"*SALVATION* unto our God which sitteth upon throne, and unto the Lamb."

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W. 2

SONGS OF SALVATION.

Hymn 1.

OUR WORK SONG.

"Do it with thy might." Eccl. 9: 10.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

First time.

Second time.

1. { Work, for the Mas-ter call-eth us to-day; Work, precious souls to save;
Work, while the hours are passing swift a-way; [Omit.....] Work with soul true and brave.

D. c. Fa-ther, in mer-cy keep us all the way; [Omit.....] [Omit.....]

Last time.

Fine. Chorus.

D. C.

[Omit.....] God be near us, help us to-day! God watch o-ver us, lest we stray;

Je-sus, hear us when we pray.

- 2 Work, with a spirit full of Jesus' love! 3 Work, for the vineyard waiting for us 4 Work, till the golden harvest fills the field.
Work, with a joyful song; Work, while there yet is light; stands; Work, in the harvest's night;
Work, for the glory waiting us above; Work, with a cheerful heart and willing Work, for the joy the reaping time shall
Work, with heart firm and strong! Work, for soon cometh night. [hands; Work, for mansions of light. [hands
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Work, in the Saviour's might;
Work, for the joy the reaping time shall
Work, for mansions of light. [hands;
Chorus.—God be near us, &c.

WORK SONGS.

WORK AND PRAY.

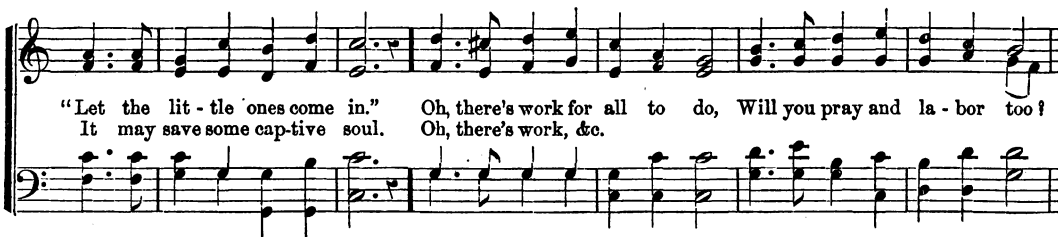
Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

"Go ye also into the vineyard." Matt. 20 : 4.

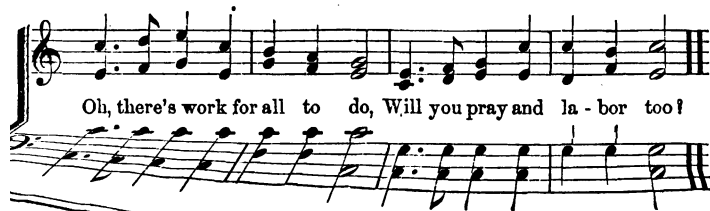
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. We have come to Je - sus praying, Lord, re - deem us from all sin; And his pre - cious voice is say - ing,
2. Breathe a prayer for ev - ery na - tion, Where the waves of darkness roll; Send the mes - sage of sal - va - tion,



"Let the lit - tle ones come in." Oh, there's work for all to do, Will you pray and la - bor too?
It may save some cap - tive soul. Oh, there's work, &c.



Oh, there's work for all to do, Will you pray and la - bor too?

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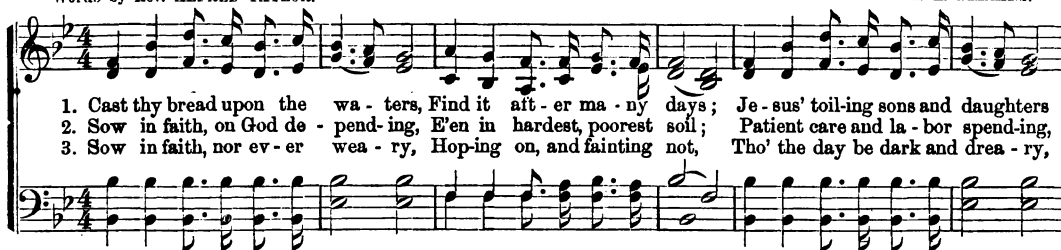
From the fold of Jesus, blindly,
Loving hearts are led astray;
Tell them, ever tell them kindly,
Jesus is the truth, the way.
Oh, there's work for all to do,
Will you pray and labor too?

HARVEST HOME.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." Eccl. 11: 1.

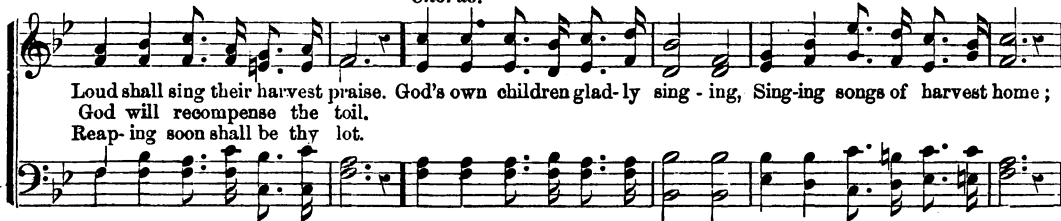
Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

T. E. PERKINS.

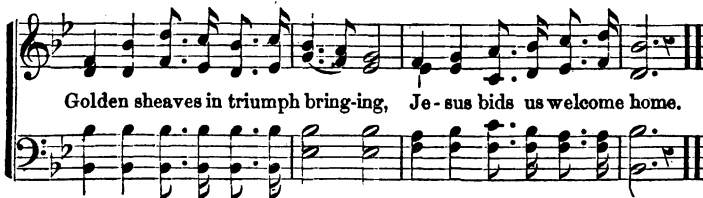


1. Cast thy bread upon the wa - ters, Find it aft - er ma - ny days; Je - sus' toil-ing sons and daughters
 2. Sow in faith, on God de - pend-ing, E'en in hardest, poorest soil; Patient care and la - bor spend-ing,
 3. Sow in faith, nor ev - er wea - ry, Hop-ing on, and fainting not, Tho' the day be dark and drea - ry,

Chorus.



Loud shall sing their harvest praise. God's own children glad-ly sing - ing, Sing-ing songs of harvest home;
 God will recompense the toil.
 Reap-ing soon shall be thy lot.



Golden sheaves in triumph bring-ing, Je - sus bids us welcome home.

4 Soon shall cease the time of sowing,
 Soon the waiting days be o'er,
 Plenteous harvest richly growing,
 For God's glory, evermore.

5 Golden sheaves in triumph bringing,
 Jesus' reapers hasten home!
 Harvest welcome gladly singing.
Jesus meets them as they come.

6

4

SOLDIERS OF CHRIST. S. M.

"Take unto you the whole armor of God." Eph. 6 : 13.

Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Sol - diers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on, Strong in the strength which
D. S. Who in the strength of

Fine. *D. S.*

God supplies, Thro' his e - ter - nal Son ; Strong in the Lord of hosts, And in his mighty power,
Je - sus trusts is more than conquer - or.

2.

Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God ;
*That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may overcome thro' Christ alone,
And stand complete at last.*

5

"Feed my lambs." John 21 : 15.

1 FATHER, my spirit search,
Reveal my needs to me,
As now, a teacher in thy Church,
I give myself to thee.
Teach me to love thy word,
Teach me to do thy will ;
With earnest labors for my Lord
Help me my life to fill.

2 Thy lambs thou bidd'st me feed ;

Feed me, O Shepherd mine ;
If led by thee, then may I lead
My flock in paths divine.
I give my life to thee :

Forgive the guilty past,
And dwell thyself, O Christ ! in me,
And give me heaven at last.

Rev. JOHN H. VINCENT.

HYMNS TO "SOLDIERS OF CHRIST."

7

6 "Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance." Matt. 4: 8.

1 If Jesus Christ was sent
To save us from our sin
And kindly teach us to repent,
We should at once begin.
He says he loves to see
A broken-hearted one;
He loves that sinners, such as we,
Should mourn for what we've done.

2 'Tis not enough to say
We're sorry and repent,
Yet still go on, from day to day,
Just as we always went.
Repentance is, to leave
The sins we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more.

3 Lord, make us thus sincere,
To watch as well as pray;
However small, however dear,
Take all our sins away.
And since the Saviour came
To make us turn from sin,
With holy grief and humble shame,
We should at once begin.

7 "No man cometh unto the Father, but by me." John 14: 6.

1 Jesus! I live to thee,
The loveliest and best!
My life in thee, thy life in me,
In thy blest love I rest.
Jesus! I die to thee,
Whenever death shall come;
To die in thee is life to me,
In my eternal home.

2 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best;
To live in thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest.
Living or dying, Lord,
I ask but to be thine:
My life in thee, thy life in me,
Makes heaven forever mine.

8 "What name of persons ought ye to be?" 2 Peter 3: 11.

1 MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze;
How swift its moments fly!
To breathe, and wake, and sleep,
To smile, to sigh, to grieve,
To move in idleness through earth—
This, this is not to live.

2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
Up, then, with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away—
This is no time for thee to sleep—
Up, watch and work and pray!

9 "I can do all things through Christ, which strengtheneth me." Phil. 4: 13.

1 Jesus, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, Almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I rest upon thy word.
The promise is for me;
My succor and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

10 "In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand." Eccl. 11: 6.

1 Sow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed:
Broadcast it round the land.
Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.

2 Thou canst not toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garner in the sky.
Then, when the glorious end—
The day of God—is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend
And heaven shout, "Harvest home!"

SONGS OF SALVATION.

8

11

STAND FAST FOR THE WORD.

"The sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God." Eph. 6: 17.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Bless - ed Scrip-ture! priceless treas-ure! Precious, and un-fail - ing mine! Sav - iour, give me

Chorus.
rich - est pleasure, While I read thy word di - vine. Firm - ly let us stand, Bi - ble in our

hand, With its o - pen pag - es, While the con - test rag - es, Spread the truth throughout the land.

2 Word of everlasting glory!
Word of everliving truth!
Help me learn the wondrous story,
Precious, both for age and youth.

3 Lord, be with me while I read it,
Show me how to read aright;
Help me know it, make me heed it,
Guide me with its heavenly light.

4 While I'm living, when I'm dying,
Peace and joy and comfort give;
Strength and light thy word supplying,
Take me home, with thee to live.

WORK SONGS.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"While it is day." John 9: 4.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Work for Je - sus, work to-day; Work for Je - sus, work and pray! Jesus will help thee, Jesus is near,
2. Work for Je - sus in the light, While the noon-day sun is bright; Jesus hath called thee from on high,
3. Work for Je - sus; soon 'tis night, Soon will fade the evening light; Then, as sinks the set - ting sun,



Chorus.

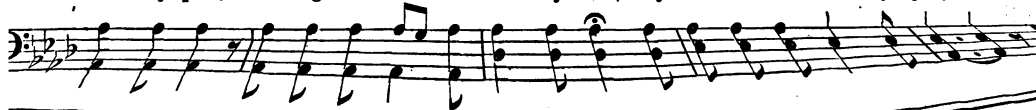


Ban - ish each doubt and fear.
 Je - sus is stand - ing nigh.
 Je - sus will say, "Well done."

He will cheer thy faint - ing heart, Give thee strength, and



take thy part, Cast - ing on Je - sus all thy care; Thy Mas - ter will hear thy prayer.





HYMNS TO "BROOKLYN."

11

- 4 Captives of sin and shame,
O'er earth and ocean, hear
An angel's voice proclaim
The Lord's accepted year;
Let Jacob rise, be Israel free;
It is the year of jubilee.

14 "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not." Galatians
6:9.

- 1 WORK! Christian laborer, work,
Now, while 'tis called to-day;
Toil in thy Master's work,
And, toiling, watch and pray;
The tempter bids thee pause and sleep;
Work! if thou wouldst the harvest reap.
- 2 Pray! Christian pilgrim, pray!
And keep thine armor bright,
Though rugged be the way,
Though cheerless be the night;
Through darkest night and weariest day,
Pray without ceasing—Christian! pray.
- 3 Fight! Christian soldier, fight!
The battle is the Lord's;
Strong in Jehovah's might,
The strength himself affords,
O'er foes without, and foes within,
Strong in the Lord, the day thou'lt win.
- 4 Wait! Christian workman, wait!
Nor yet impatient be,
In this thine earthly state,
Thy harvest time to see.
The Lord's appointed time will come;
He'll take his faithful workmen home.

Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

15 "In the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet
sound." Lev. 25:9.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come; /
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pardoning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.

"Sing ye to the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously." Exodus 15 : 21.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. From "Songs of Gladness."

Semi-Chorus.

1. March a - long! march a - long! Sing-ing a glad, tri - umph-ant song. Sing of the love of
 2. March a - long! march a - long! Sing-ing a glad, tri - umph-ant song. Sing what he tells me

Chorus.

God to me, Sing of his grace so rich and free; Sing of his good-ness by the way,
 in his word, Brightest and best that e'er was heard; Sing how my Sav- iour came to die;

Duet.

Sing how he keeps me day by day. Sing of the mer-cy, sing of the love, Keeping my soul for
 Sing how he lives and reigns on high.

OUR SONG OF TRIUMPH.—*Concluded.*

13

Chorus.

glo - ry a - bova. March a - long! march a - long! Sing-ing a glad, tri - umph-ant song.

3 March along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing how he loved my soul so well,
Ransomed with blood from sin and hell;
Sing how his precious blood was spilt,
Washing away my deepest guilt.—*Duet.*

4 March along! march along!
Singing a glad, triumphant song.
Sing of my Jesus, strong to save,
Sing of his victory o'er the grave,
Sing how he rose from death and night,
Bringing my soul to endless light.—*Duet.*

17

LABAN. S. M.

"Let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and be sober." 1 Thess. 5: 6.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes arise; The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thine arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

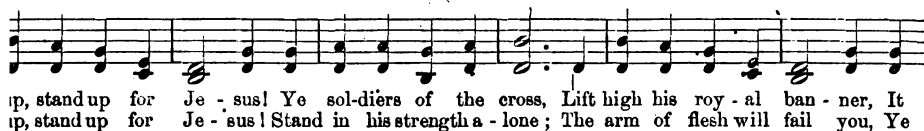
18

STAND UP FOR JESUS. 7, 6.

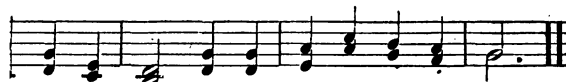
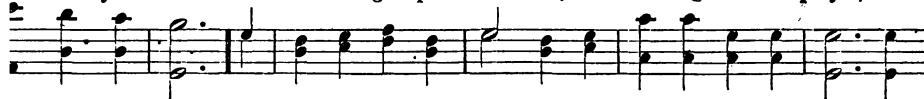
"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2: 10.

ev. GEORGE DUFFIELD.

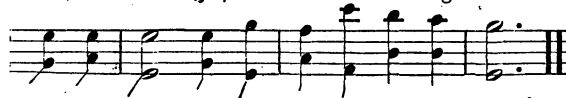
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



ot suf - fer loss, From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall he lead, Till
ot trust your own. Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And watch-ing un - to prayer, Where



y foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.



3.

Stand up—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

15

*mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into
ring, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."*
ah 55: 12.

- 1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him who once was slain
Again to earth descended
In righteousness to reign!
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling,
In one eternal sound.

the gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world."
Matt. 24: 14.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner
In every land unfurled;
And be the shout Hosanna
Re-echoed through the world:
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm throughout their regions
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious,
Thine empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise,
The hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

21 "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."
Ps. 55: 22.

- 1 THOUGH earthly joys may perish,
And earthly wealth decay,
Though sweetest friendships vanish,
Though loved ones pass away—
God, my Redeemer, liveth,
And from his throne of light
Peace to my soul he giveth,
Which cheers the darkest night.
- 2 Though all be dark around me,
Though sorrow dim my eye,
Though hosts of foes surround me,
God, my own God, is nigh:
His powerful arm upholds me
When fainting and distressed;
His loving arms enfold me
And give me strength and rest.
- 3 In darkest tribulation
When hope has almost fled,
In time of sore temptation,
When earthly help is dead;
When fondest friends desert me,
Nor aid nor comfort lend,
My faithful God is near me,
An ever-present friend.
- 4 O God! I'll ever praise thee
For all thy goodness past,
And evermore I'll trust thee
While life itself shall last;
On thee I'll cast my burden,
On thee I'll lay my care,
And praise thy boundless goodness,
That thou hast heard my prayer.—A. T.

22 "Who is over all, God blessed forever." Rom. 9: 5.

WE'LL praise thy name forever,
Thou glorious King of kings!
The wondrous love and favor
Each ransomed spirit sings;
We'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And shout the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward,"

Ex. 14: 15.

T. BISSELL.

From "Sabbath Songs."

1. Onward, Christian sol-diers, marching as to war;
2. Like a mighty ar-my, moves the Church of God;

With the cross of Je-sus
Broth-ers, we are tread-ing
go-ing where the

on be-fore.
saints have trod;

Christ, the Roy-al Mas-ter,
We are not di-vid-ed,
leads a-against the foe;
all one bod-y we,

For-ward in - to
One in hope and

Chorus.

On-ward, Christian sol-diers, marching as to war,

bat-tle,
do-ctrine,
see, his banners go.
one in char-i-ty.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.—*Concluded.*

With the Cross of Je - sus go - ing on be - fore.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish, kingdoms rise and
But the Church of Jesus constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never 'gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise, which can never fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people, join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices in the triumph song,
Glory, praise and honor, men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages unto Christ the King.

24

BRIGHT DAWNS THE DAY.

Words and Music by Rev. A. T.

"Ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. 15: 58. From "Notes of Joy"

1. March on! child of God! heart firm and light—God's love will comfort thee in the dark-est night.

Trust him in ev - ery hour, watch, hope and pray, Je - sus will strengthen thee all thy pil - grim way.

- 2 March on! child of God! sin may oppose,
Trust God for victory over all thy foes;
Christ's power will overcome death and the grave,
Christ reigns in glory now, reigns to bless and save.
- 3 March on! child of God! weary thy way?
Toilsome thy pilgrimage! brighter dawns the day.

- Patient in hope abide, hope, trust, and love,
Walk with thy Saviour here, reign with him above.
- 4 March on! child of God! heaven shines beyond
Mansions are waiting thee; never more despond
Here all thy burdens bear, there lay them down,
Jesus will welcome thee with a heavenly crown.

SONGS OF SALVATION

25

MY PRECIOUS CLASS. 7.6.

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12:3.

1. My pre-cious class for Je - sus, Who did so much for me, Who paid the price which justice claimed In
2. My whole dear class for Je - sus, Now in their youthful bloom, Ere shadows lie a - cross the path, Dull

hours of ag - o - ny; 'Tis lit - tle, O my Sav - iour, That my weak hand can give; Oh,
sick-ness and the tomb: While life is in its morn - ing, And bright things cluster nigh, May

let me win these thoughtless ones To look to thee and live.
these im - mor - tal souls lay up Their treasures in the sky.

3.
My whole dear class for Jesus,
Oh, let not one be lost,
When Calvary was the fearful sum
Their wondrous ransom cost.
One little step may sever
The parting veil away,
And forms that now are glad and f
To-morrow may be clay.

WORK SONGS.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with him." 2 Tim 2: 12.



- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home, my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.
- 4 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high,
The Lord that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.
- 5 O precious cross! O glorious crown!
O resurrection day!
O Jesus, from the heavens send down,
And bear my soul away.
- 27 "Fight the good fight of faith." 1 Tim. 6: 12.
- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And faith accounts it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

28

"Put on the whole armor of God." Eph. 6: 12.

- 1 Oh, speed thee, Christian! on thy way,
And to thine armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey,
The call of Christ, thy King.
- 2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.
- 3 Oh, faint not, Christian! for thy sighs
Are heard before the throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

20

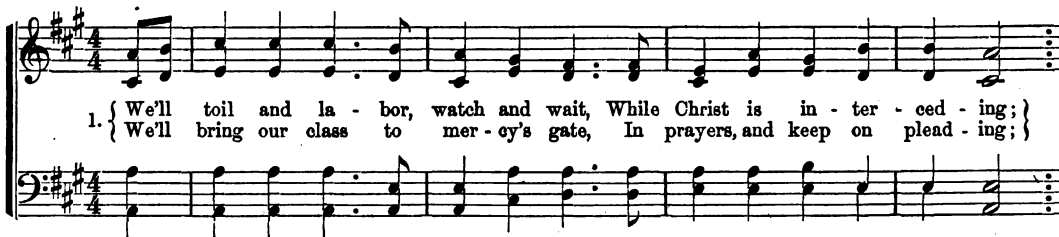
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LABOR, WATCH AND WAIT.

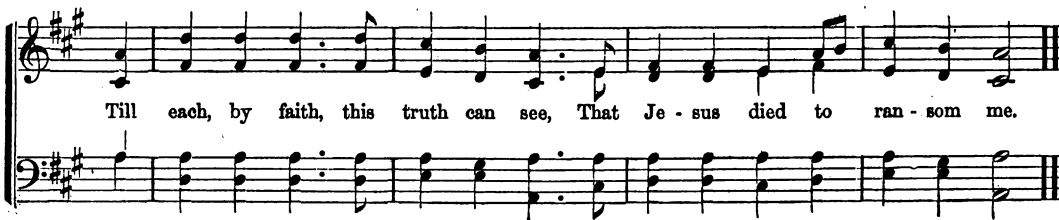
"Let us labor therefore to enter unto that rest." Heb. 4: 11.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER,

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. { We'll toil and la - bor, watch and wait, While Christ is in - ter - ced - ing; }
 { We'll bring our class to mer - cy's gate, In prayers, and keep on plead - ing; }



Till each, by faith, this truth can see, That Je - sus died to ran - som me.

2.

When hope this precious truth reveals,
 And faith is growing brighter;
 Beside the cross the sinner kneels,
 And feels the burden lighter;
*Till love, that priceless love, is given,
 And angels bear the joy to heaven.*

3.

Oh, then we'll labor, watch, and wait,
 While Christ is interceding,
 And bring our class to mercy's gate,
 In prayer, and keep on pleading,
 Till life's last sigh of yearning love
 Is wafted through the courts above.

"Gentiles shall come to thy light." Isaiah 60: 3.

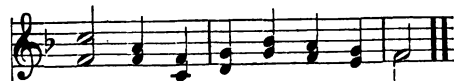
Dr. LOWELL MASON.



1. From Greenland's i - cy mountains, From In - dia's co - ral strand, Where Afric's sunny fount - ains Roll
 2. What tho' the spi - cy breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey-lon's isle, Though every prospect pleas - es, And



down their golden sand; From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain, They call us to de -
 on - ly man is vile; In vain with lav - ish kindness The gifts of God are strown, The heathen in his



liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 blindness Bows down to wood and stone.



3.

Can we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Can we to men benighted
 The lamp of light deny?
 Salvation, O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

4.

Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature,
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

"Be strong in the Lord." Eph. 6 : 10.

T. E. PERKINS.

Semi-Chorus.

Chorus.

Semi-Chorus.

1. We've list-ed in a ho-ly war, Bat-ting for the Lord! E-ter-nal life, our guiding star,
 2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Bat-ting for the Lord! Our Captain's word our strength and might,
 3. We'll stand like he-roes on the field, Bat-ting for the Lord! And in his strength we'll never yield,

Chorus.

Full Chorus.

Bat-ting for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll
 Bat-ting for the Lord!
 Bat-ting for the Lord!

work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

- 4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Through grace we'll conquer all our foe
 Battling for the Lord!—Cho.

- 5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!
 We'll shout salvation evermore,
 Conqu'rors through the Lord!—C

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price." 1 Corinthians 6: 19.

1. Not thine own, O Teacher, Bought with blood art thou; Christ thy Saviour claims thee For his ser-vice now.
2. Not thine own, O Teacher, In that happy day, When his free for-giveness Put thy guilt a-way;

And his mark is on thee, Set-ting thee a-part; Con-se-crated to him Be thy life and heart.
Joy-ful-ly thou gav-est Thy whole self to be His, whose love had ransomed, Sought, and pardoned thee.

3 Christ's thou art: then surely
Work for him thou must,
Nor be e'er unfaithful
To thy Master's trust;
Worthy, oh, most worthy
Is thy Saviour King;
Ever to his footstool
Thy best offerings bring.

4 Christ's thou art: no honor
Can with theirs compare
Who belong to Jesus,
And his name who bear;
In his love and presence
They are rich indeed,
And to joys unending
He their steps will lead.

5 Jesus, Saviour, claim me
Now and evermore,
While on earth I'm dwelling,
And when life is o'er;
At thy glorious coming
Own me, Lord, as thine,
One among thy jewels,
To thy praise to shine.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

24

33

LITTLE GIVERS. 7.

"Not grudgingly, or of necessity; for God loveth a cheerful giver." 2 Cor. 9: 7.

First time. Second time.

1. { Lit - tle giv - ers! come and bring Trib - ute to your Heavenly King!
 { Lay it on the al - tar high, [Omit.....] While your songs ascend the sky.

Chorus. First time. Second time.

{ Grate - ful trib - ute will I bring Un - to Christ, my Saviour King;
 { Je - sus gave his life for me;— [Omit.....] Hal - le - lu - jah! grace is free.

2 Little givers! do your part
 With a glad and willing heart,
 For the angel voices say,
 "Little givers! give to-day."

3 Give to all the darkened earth
 Tidings of a heavenly birth,
 Till the youth in every land
 Learn the Saviour's sweet command.

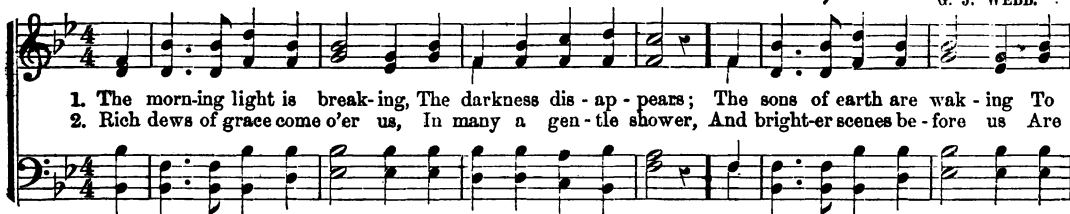
4 Little givers! come and pay
 Willing tribute while you may;
 Many offerings, though but small,
 Make a large one from you all.

5 Give your heart, with holy love;
 Give your praise like that above;
 Life and all to Jesus give,
 And in glory you shall live.

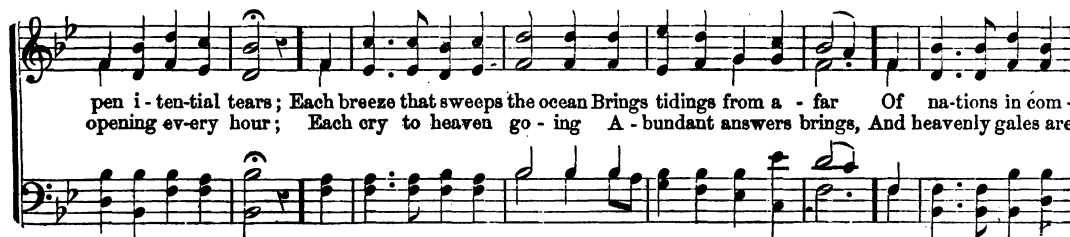
WORK SONGS.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come." Isaiah 60 : 1.

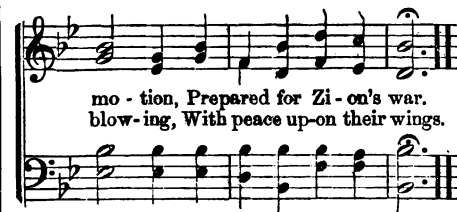
G. J. WEBB.



1. The morn-ing light is break-ing, The darkness dis - ap - pears; The sons of earth are wak - ing To
2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us, In many a gen - tle shower, And bright-er scenes be - fore us Are



pen i - ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings tidings from a - far Of na-tions in com -
opening ev-ery hour; Each cry to heaven go - ing A - bundant answers brings, And heavenly gales are



mo - tion, Prepared for Zi - on's war.
blow - ing, With peace up-on their wings.

3.
See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above :
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing -
A nation in a day.

4.
Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy riches stay :
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

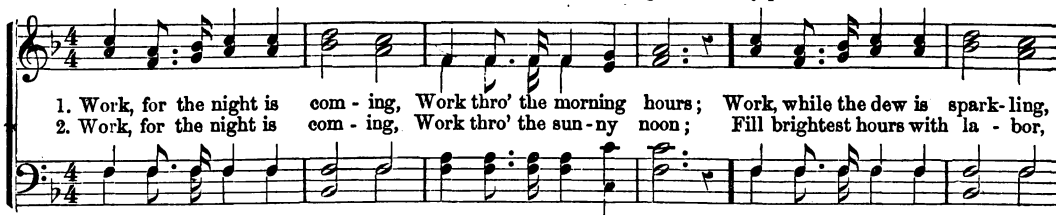
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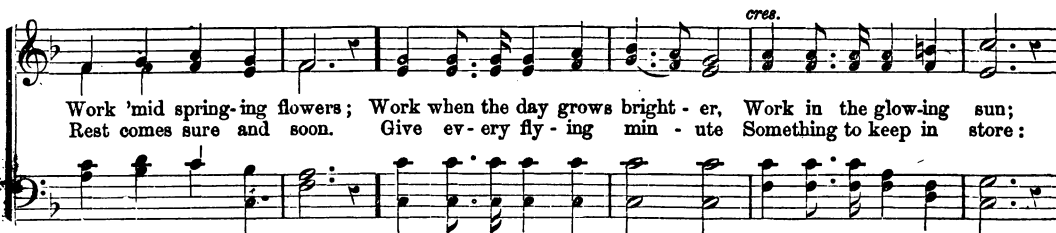
WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

"The night cometh, when no man can work." John 9: 4.

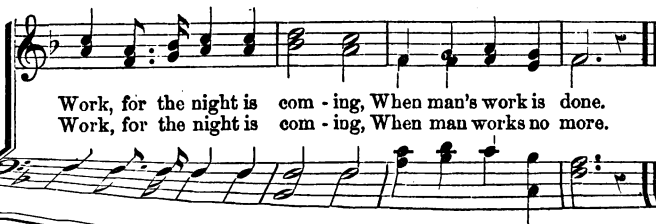
From "Song Garden," by permission of MASON BROTHERS.



1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is spark - ling,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill brightest hours with la - bor,



Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
Rest comes sure and soon. Give ev - ery fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;



Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.

8.

Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work, till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work, while the night is dark'ning,
When man's work is o'er.

"My yoke is easy and my burden is light." Matt. 11 : 30.

W. H. DOANE, by permission.

1. If I come to Je-sus, He will make me glad; He will give me pleasure, When my heart is sad.

Chorus.

If I come to Je - sus, Hap - py I should be, He is gen - tly call - ing Lit - tle ones like me.

2 If I come to Jesus,
He will hear my prayer;
He will love me dearly,
He my sins did bear

3 If I come to Jesus,
He will take my hand,
He will kindly lead me
To a better land.

4 There with happy children,
Robed in snowy white,
I shall see my Saviour
In that world so bright.

28

37

SONGS OF SALVATION.

OUR WELCOME SONG.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done." Mark 5: 19.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by HENRY TUCKER. From "Silver Spray."

1. Come with sing - ing— Glad-ly bring - ing Songs of praise to Christ our King: Lord, be near us,
 2. Tell the sto - ry Of the glo - ry Of our ev - er - bless - ed Lord; Love a - bound - ing,
 3. He, to save us, Free-ly gave us All he had, in boundless love; We, be liev - ing,

Chorus.

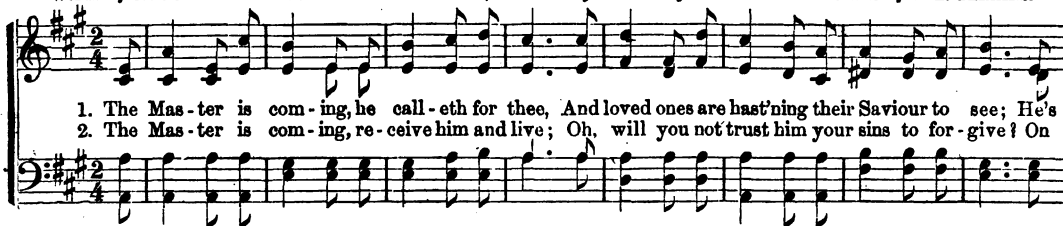
Kind - ly hear us, While our grate - ful notes we sing. { Bless us, save us; Je - sus,
 Sin con - found - ing, — Tell his good - ness all a - broad. { Guide us, lead us, To thy
 Grace re - ceiv - ing, Hope, thro' him, for heaven a - bove.

Very soft. *Loud.*

show thy pre - cious love; } { Hark! hark! our Sav - iour tells us, Come! come! come! come!
 bless - ed heaven a - bove. } { Hark! hark! he free - ly calls us Home! home! home! home!

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER. "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." John 11: 28.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

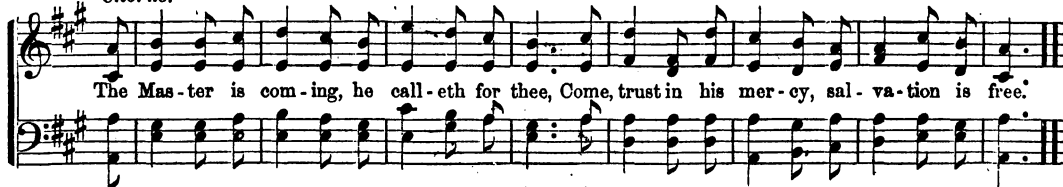


1. The Mas-ter is com-ing, he call-eth for thee, And loved ones are hast'ning their Saviour to see; He's
2. The Mas-ter is com-ing, re-ceive him and live; Oh, will you not trust him your sins to for-give? On



full of com-pas-sion, why will you de-lay! He's call-ing, still call-ing, oh, come, come a-way.
Cal-va-ry's mount-ain, 'mid an-guish and pain, Thy ran-som was purchas-ed when Je-sus was slain.

Chorus.



The Mas-ter is com-ing, he call-eth for thee, Come, trust in his mer-cy, sal-va-tion is free.

8 The Master is coming, he calleth to-day;
Awake from thy slumbers to labor and pray;
The morning is breaking, the noon-tide is near,
And evening's dark shadows will quickly appear.

9 The Master is coming, to call from the grave
His loved ones to glory; he's mighty to save;
And all who believe him, in rapture shall sing
Salvation through Jesus, our Master and King.

30

39

JUST AS I AM. L. M.

Music arranged for this V



39 "And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out." John. 6 : 37.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 5 Just as I am,—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
- 6 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
*Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,*
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

ELLIOTT.

40 "Behold I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Hath waited long,—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
 - 2 O lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and outstretched hand
O matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!
 - 3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,
You'll at his door rejected stand.
- 41 "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me." John. 6 : 37.
- 1 Just as thou art,—without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner, come, O come!
 - 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free,—
O wretched sinner, come, O come!
 - 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross;
Count all thy gains but empty dross;

HYMNS TO "JUST AS I AM."

31

My grace repays all earthly loss,—
O needy sinner, come, O come!

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—
O trembling sinner, come, O come!

5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come;"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, Come;
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come:
Thy Saviour bids thee come, O come.

42 "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest." Matt. 2: 28.

1 With tearful eyes I look around,
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper comes to me:
2 It tells me of a place of rest,—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

3 When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

4 "Come, for all else must fail and die,
Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion; come to me."

43 "We love him, because he first loved us." 1 John 4: 19.

1 I know 'tis Jesus loves my soul,
And makes the wounded sinner whole;
My nature is by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

2 How kind is Jesus, oh, how good!
'Twas for my soul he shed his blood;
For children's sake he was reviled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

3 When I offend, by thought or tongue,
Omit the right, or do the wrong;
If I repent, he's reconciled,
For Jesus loves a little child.

4 To me may Jesus now impart,
Although so young, a gracious heart;
Alas! I'm oft by sin defiled,
Yet Jesus loves a little child.

44 "In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by
the faith of him." Eph. 3: 12.

1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone:
He whom I fix my hopes upon:
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

3 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

SONGS OF SALVATION.

32

45

LEAD THE CHILD KINDLY.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"And he took them up in his arms." Mark 10 : 16.

Music by GEO. KINGSLEY.



1. Oh, take me kind - ly by the hand, And lead me to my Sav - iour, And show me how to
2. Oh, point me on the heavenly path, And teach me to be - lieve him, Who died to save from



un - der - stand The way to Je - sus' fav - or. Oh, take a - way my fear and doubt, And
end - less wrath, And help me to re - ceive him. Oh, show me all the way of life, And



leave me not in blind - ness, But tell me plain - ly all a - bout My Sav - iour's lov - ing - kind - ness.
tell the wondrous sto - ry, How Je - sus leads from sin and strife To ev - er - last - ing glo - ry.

WELCOME SONGS.

"Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us." 1 John 3:1.

Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing, God is love; Let heav'n and earth their praises bring,
 2. Oh! tell to earth's re - mot - est bounds, God is love; In Christ we have re-demp-tion found,

God is love. Let ev - ery soul from sin a-wake, Each in his heart sweet music make, And
 God is love. His blood has washed our sins a-way, His Spirit turned our night to day; And

3.
 sing with us for Je - sus' sake, For God is love,
 now we can re - joice to say, That God is love.
 How happy is our portion here!
 God is love;
 His promises our spirits cheer;
 God is love;
 He is our sun and shield by day,
 Our help, our hope, our strength, and stay;
 He will be with us all the way,
 Our God is love.

VOICE OF JESUS.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." Luke 18 : 16.

Fine.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Hear the voice of Je - sus say, "Chil-dren, come to me! Hear me, love me, and o - bey -
 D. C. Come, and bow be - fore his feet—" Chil-dren, come to me!"

Chil-dren, come to me!" Voice a-bove all oth-ers sweet! Ne'er was sac - ri - fice more meet:

2 "I have borne for you the cross—
 Children, come to me!
 I have suffered pain and loss—
 Children, come to me!
 Met for you reproach, deceit,
 Lo! my bleeding hands and feet!
 Shall I then in vain entreat!—
Children, come to me!"

3 No! dear Jesus, we will come,
 Oh! we'll come to thee!
 In life's freshness, joy, and bloom,
 Oh! we'll come to thee!
 While the spring around us glows,
 And the early violet blows,
 Like the gently opening rose,
 Oh! we'll come to thee!

4 Suffer little ones to come!
 Oh! we'll come to thee!
 Guide us to thy happy home,
 Oh! we'll come to thee!
 Let us be thy lambs indeed,
 Ever in thy pastures feed,
 By the living waters lead:
 Oh! we'll come to thee!

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"Ye must be born again." John 3: 7.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



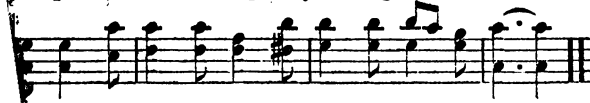
We must be born a - gain, And cleansed in Je - sus' blood, The wit - ness of the Spi - rit know That
 'We must be born a - gain,' 'Tis 'God's e - ter - nal truth; And hap - py they who ear - ly seek And



we are heirs of God. We must be born a - gain, On Christ we must be - lieve, And
 find him in their youth. We must be born a - gain, Our stub - born will sub - dued; Old



we come by sim - ple faith, His par - don we re - ceive.
 must pass, and all be changed, By sovereign grace re - newed.



3.

We must be born again,
 Or heaven we cannot see,
 And where our blessed Saviour dwells,
 We cannot hope to be.
 We must be born again;
 Lord, teach our souls the way!
 Oh, help us all our journey through,
 To work, to watch, to pray.

VOICE OF LOVE.

"Your sins are forgiven you, for his name's sake." 1 John 2: 12.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music from the Russian.

1. Come to Je-sus now; His voice of love is gen-tly call-ing: Come, before him bow, Ere shades of
 2. Come to Je-sus now; His gracious love thy sin for-giv-ing: Soon with him shalt thou At his right

Cho. Lord, I gladly come, Thy gracious voice of love o - bey-ing! Sav-iour, take me home; O kind-ly

Fine.
 night are dark-ly fall-ing. Hark! I hear my Sav-iour call-ing, call-ing me; "I have died for thee,
 hand be ev-er liv-ing. From the throne above my Saviour welcomes me; "Thou shalt reign with me;

keep thy child from stray-ing.

D.C.
 Died to set thee free: Crowned in ever-last-ing glo-ry thou shalt be; Wea-ry sin-ner, come to me."
 All my glo-ry see; See the crown and kingdom I have bought for thee; Ransomed sin-ner, live with me."



50 "Behold the Lamb of God." John 1: 29.

- 1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God,
Who takes my sin away,
And, cleansing me in precious blood,
Leaves naught for me to pay.
- 2 The sin-atoning Lamb,
The Sacrifice for me;
Pardoned and justified I am,
From condemnation free.
- 3 My Saviour and my God
Was crucified for me,
For he shed his precious blood
Upon the cursed tree.
- 4 He died my soul to save—
How rich, how free his love!
Thro' him I triumph o'er the grave.
And reign with him above.—A.T.

51 "I am thine, save me, for I have sought thy precepts. Ps. 119: 94.

- 1 LORD, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,

Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to thee.

- 2 Thy ransomed servant, I
Restore to thee thine own;
And from this moment live or die
To serve my God alone.

52 "And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely." Rev. 22: 17.

- 1 THE Spirit in our hearts
Is whispering, Sinner, come!
The bride, the Church of Christ,
proclaims
To all his children, Come!
- 2 Let him that heareth, say
To all about him, Come!
Let him that thirsts for righteous-
ness,
To Christ, the Fountain, Come!
- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
Oh, let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life!
'Tis Jesus bids him come.

- 4 Lo! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, "I quickly come!"
Lord, even so! I wait thy hour:
Jesus, my Saviour, come!

53 "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." 1 Cor. 6: 2.

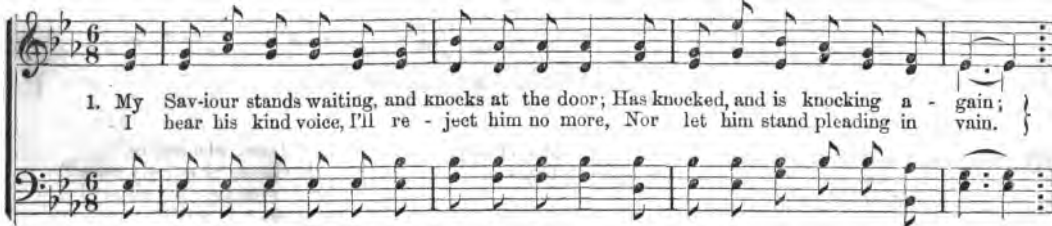
- 1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.
- 2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,—
Then why should you delay!
- 3 Now is the accepted time,
The Gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,
And feast them with thy love;
Then will the angels swiftly fly,
And bear the news above.

AT THE DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock." Rev. 3: 20. From "Songs of Gladness."

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by J. E. GOULD, by permission.



1. My Sav-iour stands waiting, and knocks at the door; Has knocked, and is knocking a - gain; }
I hear his kind voice, I'll re - ject him no more, Nor let him stand pleading in vain. }



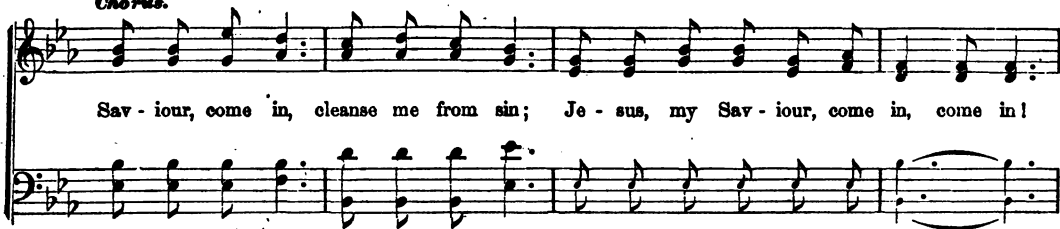
In in - fi - nite mer - cy he came from a - bove To ran - som, to cleanse me from sin;



I'll yield to the voice of his mer - ci - ful love, And let my dear Sav-iour come in.

AT THE DOOR.—Concluded.

39

Chorus.

2 O Saviour, my Ransom, Redeemer and Friend,
 The Life, and the Truth, and the Way,
 On thy precious merit alone I depend;
 Dwell in me and keep me, I pray.

Thy goodness hath opened the door of my heart—
 'Tis open in welcome to thee,
 Come in, blessed Saviour, and never depart;
 Come in, with thy mercy, to me.—CHORUS.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

40

55

JESUS WILL WELCOME ME.

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Rom. 5 : 2.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. My spir - it in hope is re - joic - ing, The glo - ry of heav - en to see,—
 2. How bright are the vis - ions of rap - ture, Which oft - en by faith I be hold :
 3. O Sav - iour, I long to be - hold thee, Thy glo - ri - fied im - age to bear,

A man - sion pre - pared for the faith - ful, Where Je - sus is wait - ing for me.
 The saints in their gar - ments of beau - ty, The cit - y whose streets are of gold !
 To reign in the house of thy Fa - ther, The home thou hast gone to pre - pare.

Je - sus will give me a wel - come there, Je - sus will give me a wel - come
 Je - sus will wel - come me there, Je - sus will

WELCOME SONGS.

JESUS WILL WELCOME ME.—Concluded.

41

there; Je - sus is help - ing me on - ward, Je - sus will wel - come me home.

wel - come me there; Je - sus is help - ing me on - ward,

56

ROSEFIELD. 7s. 6 lines.

"That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life." John 3:15.

Dr. MALAN.

1 From the cross uplifted high,
Where the Saviour deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
Love's redeeming work is done;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

2 Sprinkled now with blood the throne,
Why beneath thy burdens groan!

On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid;
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

3 Spread for thee, the festal board
See with richest dainties stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Yet again a child confessed,

Never from his house to roam,
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

4 Soon the days of life shall end:
Lo, I come, your Saviour, Friend,
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home;
Come and welcome, sinner, come.

JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth." Mark 10:47.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste a-long— } mo-tion, say? In ac-cents hushed th

2. { Who is this Je-sus? Why should he The cit-y move so migh-ti-ly? } tude at will? A-gain the stir-ring

A pass-ing stran-ger, has he skill To move the mul-ti- [Omit.....]

throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" In ac-cents hushed the throng re-ly: "Je-sus of

tones re-ly: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth pass-eth by;" A-gain the stir-ring tones re-ly: "Je-sus of

Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

Naz-a-reth pass-eth by."

3 Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones, where'er he came,
Brought out their sick, and dear, and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again he comes! From place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home.
Ye wanderers from a Father's face,
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted, there's a refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,
And all his wondrous love abuse,
Soon will he sadly from you turn,
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth has passed by."

"Him that cometh unto me, I will in nowise cast out." John 6 : 37.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

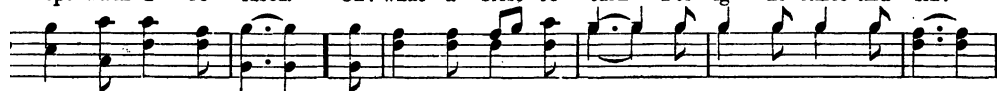
Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "Hallowed Songs, Revised."



1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child; With-in my heart there beat A
 2. "Mer-cy!" I loud-ly cried, "Oh, give me rest from sin!" "I will," a voice re-plied; And
 3. In Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long ab-used, Who oft-en sought my heart, And



tem-pest loud and wild; A fear op-pressed my soul, That I might be too late;
 Mer-cy let me in. She bound my bleed-ing wounds, And car-ried all my sin;
 wept when I re-fused. Oh! what a blest re-turn For ig-no-rance and sin!



And oh, I trem-bled sore, And prayed, out-side the gate, And prayed, out-side the gate.
 She eased my burd-ened soul, Then Je-sus took me in, Then Je-sus took me in.
 I stood out-side the gate, And Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let me in!



44

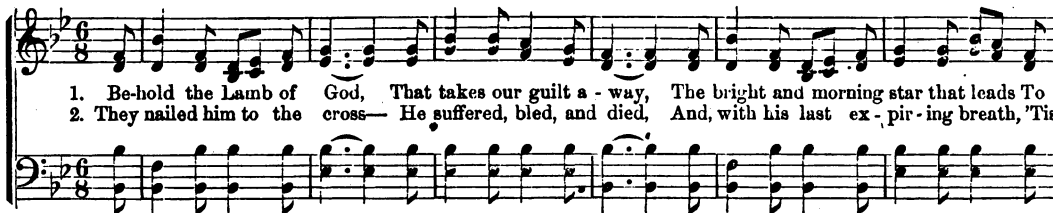
59

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"Which taketh away the sin of the world." John 1: 29.

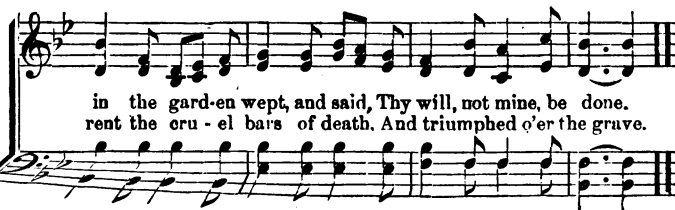
Music by JAS. M. NORTH.



1. Be-hold the Lamb of God, That takes our guilt a - way, The bright and morning star that leads To
 2. They nailed him to the cross— He suffered, bled, and died, And, with his last ex - pir - ing breath, 'Tis



ev - er - last - ing day : Be - hold the Lamb of God, The pure and ho - ly one, Who
 fin - ished, Lord! he cried. Be - hold the Lamb of God, The Might - y now to save, Who



in the gard-en wept, and said, Thy will, not mine, be done.
 rent the cru - el bars of death. And triumphed o'er the grave.

8.
 Oh, wherefore now delay—
 Why still the Spirit grieve?
 Give God your heart, he bids you come,
 His promised grace receive.
 Behold the Lamb of God!
 The pure and holy one,
 O Father, Saviour, help me say,
 Thy will, not mine, be done

"By the grace of God I am what I am." 1 Cor. 15: 10.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessings Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs the thirsty land re-freshing,
2. Pass me not, O God, our Father! Sinful though my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the rather

Let some droppings fall on me!— E - ven me, E - ven me! Let some droppings fall on me.
Let thy mer - cy fall on me!— E - ven me, E - ven me! Let thy mer - cy fall on me.

- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour!
Let me live and cling to thee!
For I'm longing for thy favor;
While thou'rt calling, call on me.
Even me, Even me! While thou'rt, &c.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesses of Jesus' merit!
Speak some word of power to me.
Even me, Even me! Speak some word, &c.

- 5 Have I long in sin been sleeping—
Long been slighting, grieving thee!
Has the world my heart been keeping!
Oh! forgive, and rescue me!
Even me, Even me! Oh! forgive, &c.
- 6 Love of God—so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;
Grace of God—so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me!
Even me, Even me! Magnify, &c.

46

61

KEEP ON PRAYING.

Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Praying always." Eph. 6:18.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Long my spir-it pined in sorrow, Watching, waiting all in vain; Wait-ing for a gold-en morrow,
 2. Ye, who sigh for ho-ly pleasures, Ye, who mourn your load of sin, "Keep on praying," heavenly treasures

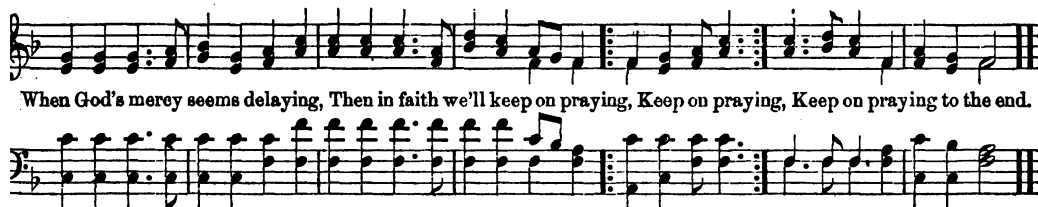
Free from worldly care and pain, When I heard a sweet voice saying, In the ac-cents of a friend,
 In the end you're sure to win. Wres-tle with the Lord of glo-ry, Lay your troubles at his feet,

Chorus.

Cheer up, brother, "keep on praying," Keep on pray-ing to the end. When our wayward thoughts are straying,
 Plead with faith in Calvary's sto-ry, Till your joys are all com-plete. When our wayward, &c.

KEEP ON PRAYING.—*Concluded.*

47



When God's mercy seems delaying, Then in faith we'll keep on praying, Keep on praying, Keep on praying to the end.

8 How the angel-band rejoices,
When a kneeling mortal prays;
Hear them cry, in heavenly voices,
"Keep on praying" all your days.

Pray until you reach fair Canaan,
Reach the pearly gates of day;
Then your bliss shall end in glory,
And shall never pass away.—*Cho.*

62

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

"After this manner pray ye." Matt. 6:9.

TALLIS.



1. Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name;
Thy kingdom come; thy will be done, on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil;
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for- | ever and | ever. A- | men.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

"Lord, teach us to pray." Luke 11:1.

Our Fa - ther in heav - en, We hal - low thy Name! May thy king - dom ho - ly On

earth be the same! Oh, give to us dai - ly Our por - tion of bread; It is from thy

Fin.

D. S. It is from thy boun - ty That all must be fed.

D. S. boun - ty That all must be fed, That all must be fed.

2. Forgive our transgressions
And teach us to know
That humble compassions
Which pardons each
Keep us from temptation
From weakness and
And thine be the glory
Forever. Amen

64

JESUS IS PASSING BY. 64.

49

"Lord, that I might receive my sight." Mark 10 : 51.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Je - sus is pass-ing by, He'll make me see; Loud-ly to him I'll cry, Mer-cy on me!

2. Be of good comfort; rise! He call-eth thee; He heals thy blinded eyes, He'll make thee see.

E'en in the darkest night He can give joy and light; Lord, save me! give me sight, I come to thee.

Je - sus can make me whole, Je - sus can save my soul; Lord, save me! make me whole, I come to thee.

65

"My peace I give unto you." John 14 : 27.

1 SAVIOUR! thy gentle voice
Gladly we hear;
Author of all our joys,
Ever be near;
Our souls would cling to thee,
[: Let us thy fullness see, :]
Our life to cheer.

2. Fountain of life divine!
Thee we adore;
We would be wholly thine
Forevermore;
Freely forgive our sin,
[: Grant heavenly peace within, :]
Thy light restore.

3 Though to our faith unseen,
While darkness reigns,
On thee alone we lean
While life remains;
By thy free grace restored,
[: Our souls shall bless the Lord :]
In joyful strains!

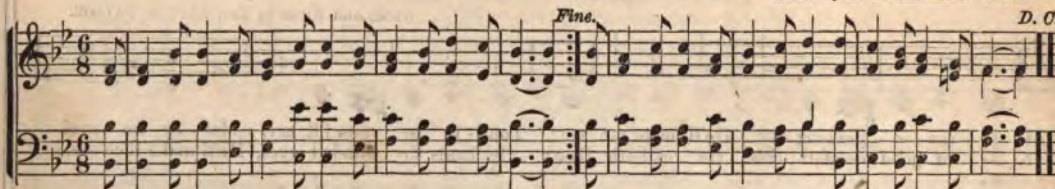
SONGS OF SALVATION.

50

66

THORNTON. C. M. Double.

Music by T. E. PERKINS. 1856.



66 "Let us draw near with a true heart." Heb. 10: 22.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that
reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold, he prays!"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
*The Christian's native air,
His watch word at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.*

O thou, by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

67 "When thou hast shut thy door,
pray to thy Father which is in
secret." Matt. 6: 6.

- 1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'Tis here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.
- 2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts
high,
And banish every fear.
- 3 My great Protector and my Lord!
Thy constant aid impart;
Oh! let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.
- 4 Oh! never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
*Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.*

68 "O God, hear the prayer of thy servant." Dan. 9: 17.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding-place;
That, sheltered near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 Oh, wondrous love, to bleed and
die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious Name.

Words by PALGRAVE.

"A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." Luke 2: 11.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Thou that once on mother's knee Wert a lit - tle one like me, When I wake or go to bed,

Lay thy hand a - bout my head; Let me feel thee ve - ry near, Je - sus Christ, my Sav-iour dear.

2 Be beside me in the light,
 Close beside me all the night,
 Make me gentle, kind, and true,
 Do what mother bids me do.
 Help and cheer me when I fret,
 And forgive when I forget.

3 Thou art near me when I pray,
 Though thou art so far away;
 Thou my little hymn wilt hear,
 Jesus Christ, my Saviour dear.
 Thou that once on mother's knee
 Wert a little one like me.

PILGRIM, WATCH AND PRAY.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"Let my prayer be as the evening sacrifice." Ps. 141 : 2.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

First time.

Second time.

1. { Soft - ly on the breath of eve - ning Comes the ten - der sigh of day;
Lone - ly heart, by sor - row la - den, [Omit.....] 'Tis the time to pray. }

Chorus.

Wea - ry pil - grim, cease thy mourning; Weary pilgrim, cease thy mourning, Rest beyond forev - er.

2.

'Tis the hour when hallowed feelings
Chase our doubts and fears away;
'Tis the hour for calm devotion,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.

3.

Tho' temptations dark oppress thee,
Jesus guides thee on thy way;
*He will hear thy lightest whisper,
Pilgrim, watch and pray.*

71

"Even the night shall be light about me." Ps. 139 : 11.

Tune—"Stockwell," p. 85.

1 SILENTLY the shades of evening
Gather round my lonely door;
Silently they bring before me,
Faces I shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten,
Tho' the world be oft forgot;
Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
Where our spirits only blend;
They unlinked with earthly trouble
We still hoping for its end.

4 How such holy memories cluster,
Like the stars when storms are past,
Pointing up to that fair haven
We may hope to gain at last.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. "The world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. 6: 14.

Music by W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, In thy love a - bid - ing, I will glo - ry in thy name,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me; There the bright and morning star

Chorus.

In thy word con - fid - ing. In the Cross, In the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er,
Sheds its beams a - round me.

Triumph in his name a - lone, Might-y to de - liv - er.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadow o'er me.

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I gain my golden crown,
Praise the glorious giver.

54

73

INVOCATION. L. M.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Gently, Earnestly.

Music by T. E. P.



73

"For so he giveth his beloved sleep." Ps. 127: 1.

- 1 I LAY my weary head to rest
Upon my loving Father's breast;
On mountain top, or raging deep,
My Father puts his child to sleep.
- 2 Though snares and dangers round me stand
He holds me in his mighty hand;
He orders all things for the best,
And gives my soul refreshing rest.
- 3 Though fears disturb me in the night,
My Father's love is infinite;
He kindly stands beside my bed,
And gently soothes my throbbing head.
- 4 When vexed with grief and racked with pain,
My Father doth my soul sustain;
He doth his child in safety keep,
He giveth his beloved sleep.
- 5 And when upon my bed of death
I yield to thee my latest breath,
Then, in thy love, so broad, so deep,
O Father, put thy child to sleep.
- 6 To sleep in Christ, to toil no more,
My wanderings for ever o'er;—
Then to thyself my spirit take,
And bid thy child in glory wake!

74

"As many as are led by the Spirit of God, sons of God." Rom. 8: 14.

- 1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above,
Be thou our Guardian, thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose thy way
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.
- 4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blessed;
Lead us to heaven the seat of bliss
Where pleasure in perfection is.

75

"Behold, he that keepeth Israel, shall neither sleep." Ps. 121: 4.

- 1 SUN of my soul! thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near:
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

HYMNS TO "INVOCATION."

55

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast!

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near to bless me when I wake,
Ere through the world my way I take;
Abide with me till in thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

76 "And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost." Acts. 2: 4.

1 As once of old a chosen band
Together came "with one accord,"
Intent to learn how best to spread
The knowledge of their risen Lord;

2 As, suddenly, the Spirit came,
And touched each glowing heart and brow,
So, with a consecrating flame,
Anoint, O Lord, thy servants now.

3 Give us that Spirit's power to feel,
Baptize each soul with holy fire;
And with devotion's burning zeal
Do thou our every thought inspire.

4 Then can we move, a conquering host,
Jesus our Leader and our Lord;
With highest power to save the lost,
And lead them upward to our God.

Mrs. E. W. CLARK.

77 "By whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world." Gal. 6: 14.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See! from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown!

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

78 "Let us draw near with a true heart." Heb. 10: 22.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place of all on earth most sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

56

79

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.

"Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Matt. 7: 7.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS

1. I'm kneeling, Lord, at mer-cy's gate, With trembling hope and fear; I've wait-ed long, ar
 2. None ev-er emp-ty turned a-way, Who tru-ly sought thy face: And I, my Sav-io

still I wait Thy gracious voice to hear. Thy precious word has bid me seek The joys thou hast i
 come to-day, To seek thy pardoning grace. Thy precious blood is all my plea: This can my soul r

store; O Lord, in mer-cy speak to me, I'm kneeling at the door, I'm kneeling at the door,
 store; O Lord, in mer-cy, &c.

I'M KNEELING AT THE DOOR.—Concluded.

57



80

MARTYN. 78.

"Thou art my hiding-place." Ps. 32 : 7.

S. B. MARSH.

Fine.

D. C.



1.

Jesus! lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide;
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
Oh, receive my soul at last!

2.

Other refuge have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee!
Leave, ah! leave me not alone!
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3.

Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
All and all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile, and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

SILENT RIVER.

"He will swallow up death in victory." Isa. 25 : 3.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR. From "Songs of Gladness."

1st. 2d.

1. { Wait-ing by the si-lent riv-er, Lord, I watch and pray ; }
 { Let thy mer-cy fail me nev-er [Omit.....] } In my dy-ing day. Thro' the val-ley,
 d. c. With thy pres-ence make me fear-less ; [Omit.....] Savi-our, give me light.

D. C. Chorus.

dark and cheer-less, Thro' the shades of night, { Lord, be near me ; }
 { Savi-our, cheer me ; } Je-sus, mighty to de-liv-er,

Fine.

2 Jesus, Savi-our, strength-en, pity ; 3 Jesus, Savi-our, keep me, hold me
 Thou hast cross-ed the tide ; In the hour of death ;
 Lead me to the golden city— With thy lov-ing arms en-fold me
 Jesus, pre-cious Guide. At thy late-st breath.
 Take away my fear of dy-ing, Thou hast won the bat-tle for me !
 Bid my trem-bling cease : Savi-our, help me sing ;
 On thy prom-ises rely-ing, Grave, where is thy vic-tory o'er me !
 Grant me joy and peace. Where, O death, thy sting !

"Reconciled to God by the death of his Son." Rom. 5: 11.

English.

1. Gen - tle Je - sus, Sav - iour mild, Hear thy low - ly, suppliant child; Noth - ing bring I
 2. In this drear - y vale be - low Thou hast trod a path of woe,— Thou hast known the

to thy feet, Nought for thine ac - cept - ance meet; But a soul for sin dis - tressed :—
 dread - ful power Of the temp - ter's e - vil hour,— Felt the time of gloom and fear,—

Gen - tle Je - sus, give it rest.
 Shed, like us, the bit - ter tear.

3.

Now I bend before thy throne,
 All my guilt and folly own;
 Yet with earnest heart I plead
 Comfort, pardon in my need:
 This my plea, and nought beside—
 Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.

SONGS OF SALVATION

BLESSED REDEEMER.

"Who keepeth covenant and shewest mercy unto thy servants." 2 Chron. 6: 14.

Music by JAS. M. KORTH.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

1. Blessed Re-deem-er, graciously hear us, Breathing de-vo-tion like in-cense to thee;
2. Tranquil-ly fad-ing, slowly de-clin-ing, Twilight is pass-ing in beauty a-way;

Ten-der-ly shield us, lov-ing-ly cheer us. Bless-ed Re-deem-er, thy children are we.
Now on thy bo-som safe-ly re-clin-ing, Teach us, our Fa-ther, oh, teach us to pray.
d. s. Ten-der-ly shield us, &c.

While in thy king-dom an-gels a-dore thee, Joy-ful-ly sing-ing ev-er be-
Bless-ed Re-deem-er, leave us, oh nev-er, Till thou hast brought us o-ver the

BLESSED REDEEMER.—Concluded.

61

D. S.

fore thee; Grant our pe-ti-tion—hear, we im-plore thee, Voi-ces now sing-ing praises to thee.
riv-er, Till we shall praise thee singing for-ev-er, Je-sus, our Sav-iour, glo-ry to thee.

84

GOD BLESS OUR SCHOOL.

"He whom thou blessest is blessed." Numb. 22:6.

With vigor.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. God bless our school! Sing to the praise of God most high; Sing how he sent his Son to die;
2. God bless our school! Bring all the wandering children in, Bring all the heirs of death and sin,

Sing how he brings sal-va-tion nigh: God bless our school!
Bring them im-mor-tal life to win: God bless our school!

3 God bless our school!
Teach us the word of truth to know,
Teach us in Christian strength to grow,
Teach us to serve thee here below!

God bless our school!
4 God bless our school!
Fill every heart with heavenly grace
Lead us in love to that blest place
Where we shall see our Father's face.
God bless our school!



SONGS OF SALVATION.

62

85

JESUS, MY ALL.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"I will appear in the cloud upon the mercy-seat." Lev. 16: 2.

1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy-seat, Hum-bly I fall; }
2. { Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call; }
2. { Tears of re - pent-ant grief Si - lent-ly fall; }
2. { Help thou my un - be - lief, Hear thou my call. }
Now let thy work be - gin Oh, make me pure within
Oh, how I pine for thee! 'Tis all my hope, my ple

8. Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall,
Ere to the realms above,
Heard is my call;
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4. Still at thy mercy-seat
Humbly I fall;
Pleading thy promise sweet
Heard is my call.
Faith wings my soul to the
This all my hope shall be.
Jesus has died for me,
Jesus, my all.

86

"In thy light shall we see light." Ps. 36: 9.

1 Jesus, I long for thee,
While here I roam;
Earth has no joy for me,
Heaven is my home;
When shall my soul arise,
Joyful with glad surprise,
Up to its native skies!
Heaven is my home.

2 Grant me a light divine,
While here I roam,
O'er my dark path to shine,
Heaven is my home.
Oh, my sad heart, be still
Patient in every ill,
Thine be a Father's will;
Heaven is my home.

3 There shall I see his face,
No more to roam;
Clasped in his dear embrace;
Heaven is my home.
Soon shall my spirit rise,
Joyful with glad surprise,
Up to its native skies;
Heaven is my home.

FANNY CROSBY.

CROWN OF LIFE.

"The crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him." James 1: 12.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

| First time.

| Second time.

1. { Gracious Sav - iour, can it be There a - waits 'a crown for me,
Crown of righ-teous-ness, so bright, [Omit.....] Crown of nev-er fad-ing light!

2. { Can it be, a harp of gold, In thy choir these hands shall hold!
That this voice shall join the song [Omit.....] Sung by angels round the throne!

Chorus.

Yes, O yes, his word be - liev - ing, End-less joy his love will give; At his hands the crown re -

ceiv - ing, In his glo - ry ev - er live.

3 Shall I have a glorious dress,
Purchased by thy righteousness!
Shall I dwell with thee on high,
Never more to sin, nor die!

4 Shall I pass the pearly gates!
Shall I walk the golden streets!
Shall I see the great white throne,
And behold the Lamb thereon!

FAITH IN CHRIST.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"By grace ye are saved, through faith." Eph. 2: 8.

Music by A. VAN ALSTYNE.

Fine.

1. { Let faith in Christ my heart inspire, And tune my voice to praise; }
 { Di - rect in every thought I breathe, And every note I raise. } 'Tis faith that binds me to the cross And
 2. { 'Tis faith that cheers my pilgrim way, When shadows o'er me fall, }
 { That bids me look a-bove the storm, And trust the Lord for all. } If faith be strong, tho' earthly ties Were

D. C. 'Tis faith that saves me ev-ery hour, And faith my song shall be.

Chorus.

keeps me near my God; 'Tis faith that gives me joy and peace Thro' Christ's atoning blood. I know that my Re -
 broken one by one, My heart could rise above the wreck, And say, "Thy will be done."

D. C.

deem-er lives, By faith his hand I see;

8.

Faith is the rock on which I stand;
 The anchor of my soul;
 The magnet drawing me above
 Where life's pure waters roll.
 Come, trials, come; one beam of faith
 Can pierce the darkest night;
 'Twill guide me through the vale of death,
 And there be lost in sight.

"Unto you which believe he is precious." 1 Pet. 2: 7.

1. I need thee, precious Jesus, For I am full of sin, My soul is dark and guilt-y, My
 2. I need thee, blessed Je-sus, For I am ve-ry poor; A stranger and a pil-grim, I

heart is dead with-in. I need the cleansing fountain Where I can al-ways flee, The blood of Christ most
 have no earthly store. I need the love of Je-sus To cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting

precious, The sinner's perfect plea.
 footsteps, To be my strength and stay.

3.
 I need thee, blessed Jesus,
 I need a friend like thee;
 A friend to soothe and pity,
 A friend to care for me.
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trial,
 And all my sorrows share.

4.
 I need thee, blessed Jesus,
 And hope to see thee soon
 Encircled with the rainbow
 And seated on thy throne.
 There with thy blood-bought children,
 My joy shall ever be
 To sing thy praise, Lord Jesus,
 To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

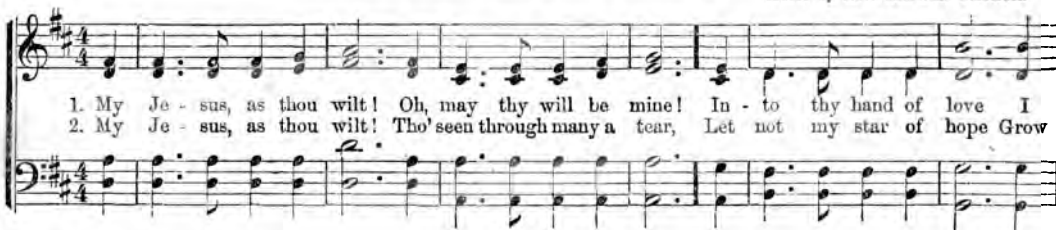
66

90

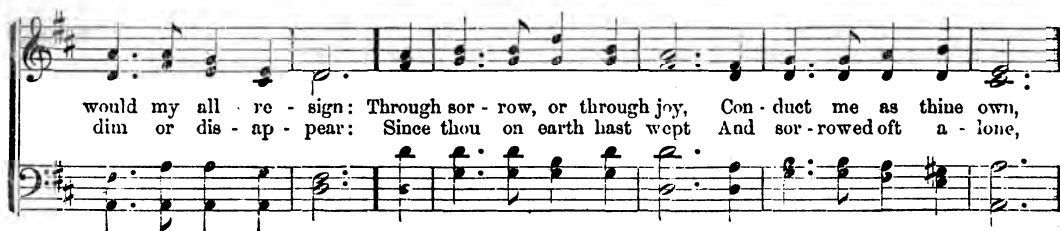
MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT. 6.

"Not my will but thine be done." Matt. 22: 42.

Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Oh, may thy will be mine! In - to thy hand of love I
 2. My Je - sus, as thou wilt! Tho' seen through many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow



would my all - re - sign: Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me as thine own,
 dim or dis - ap - pear: Since thou on earth hast wept And sor - rowed oft a - lone,



And help me still to say, My Lord, thy will be done!
 If I must weep with thee, My Lord, thy will be done!

3.

My Jesus, as thou wilt!
 All shall be well for me:
 Each changing future scene,
 I gladly trust with thee;
 Then to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing, in life or death,
 My Lord, thy will be done.

HYMNS TO "MY JESUS."

67

91 "The peace of God, which passeth all understanding." Phil. 4: 7.

1 My soul doth long for thee
To dwell within my breast;
Unworthy though I be
Of so divine a guest!
Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet hath my heart no rest
Until it come to thee!

2 Until it come to thee,
In vain I look around;
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found!
No rest is to be found,
But in thy bleeding love;
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above!

92 "Seek those things which are above." Col. 3: 1.

1 Go up, go up, my heart!
Dwell with thy God above.
For here thou canst not rest,
Nor here give out thy love.
Go up, go up, my heart!
Be not a trifler here;
Ascend above these clouds—
Dwell in a higher sphere.

2 Let not thy love flow out
To things so soiled and dim;
Go up to heaven and God;
Take up thy love to him.

Waste not thy precious stores
On pleasures here below;
To God that wealth belongs;
On him that wealth bestow.

93 "Commit thy way unto the Lord."
Ps. 37: 5.

1 Thy way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand;
Choose out the path for me.
I dare not choose my lot:
I would not, if I might;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

2 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine: so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem,
Choose thou my good and ill.

3 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All.

94 "A city which hath foundations,
whose builder and maker is God,"
Heb. 11: 10.

1 THERE is a blessed Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

2 There is a land of peace,—
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell:
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father one,
And Spirit, evermore.

3 O, joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands, and feet, and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days,
The wonders he hath done.

4 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below,
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while,
In faith, and hope, and love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

68

95

JESUS IS MINE.

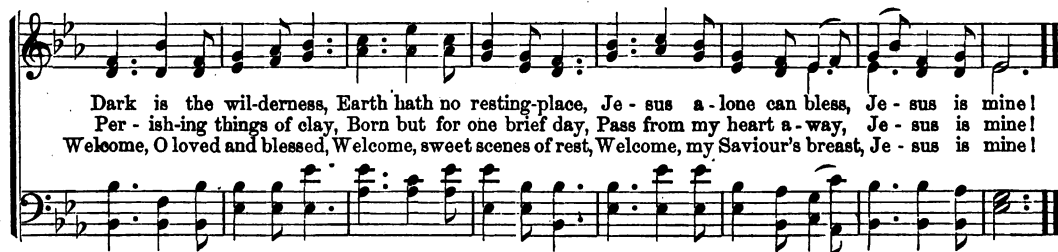
Words by BONAR.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" Romans 8: 35.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



Dark is the wil - derness, Earth hath no resting - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blessed, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

96

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother." Prov. 18: 24.

1 Now I have found a friend,
 Jesus is mine!
 His love shall never end,
 Jesus is mine!
 Though earthly joys decrease,
 Though earthly friendships cease,
*Now I have lasting peace,
 Jesus is mine!*

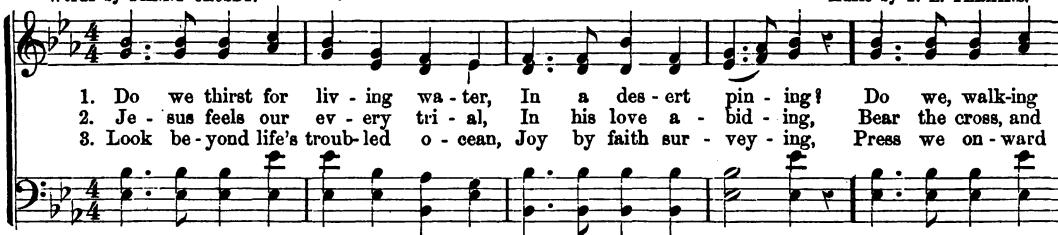
2 When death is sent to me,
 Jesus is mine!
 Welcome, eternity;
 Jesus is mine!
 He my redemption is,
 Wisdom and righteousness,
 Life, light, and holiness,
 Jesus is mine!

3 Father, thy name I bless,
 Jesus is mine!
 Thine was the sovereign grace,
 Praise shall be thine!
 Spirit of holiness,
 Sealing the Father's grace,
 Thou mad'st my soul embrace
 Jesus as mine!

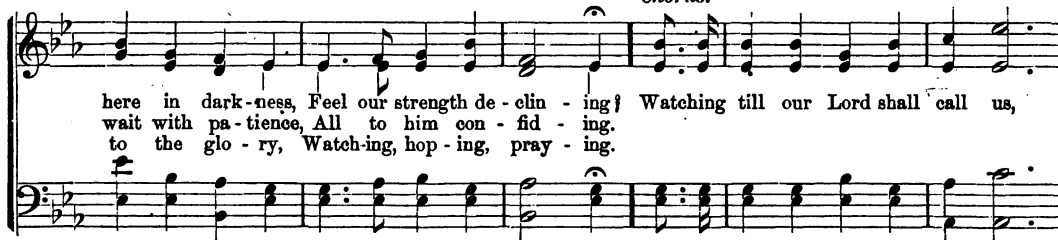
Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace." Heb. 4:16.

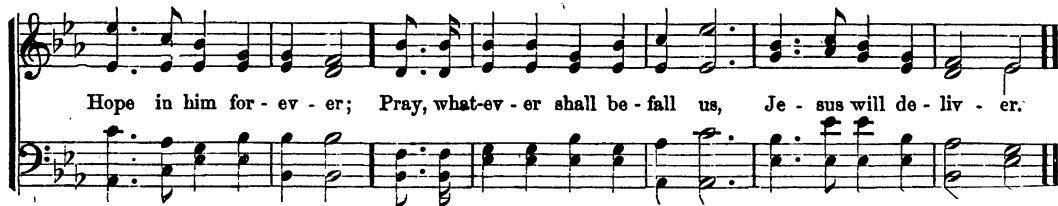
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Do we thirst for liv - ing wa - ter, In a des - ert pin - ing? Do we, walk - ing
 2. Je - sus feels our ev - ery tri - al, In his love a - bid - ing, Bear the cross, and
 3. Look be - yond life's troub - led o - cean, Joy by faith sur - vey - ing, Press we on - ward

Chorus.


here in dark - ness, Feel our strength de - clin - ing? Watching till our Lord shall call us,
 wait with pa - tience, All to him con - fid - ing.
 to the glo - ry, Watch - ing, hop - ing, pray - ing.



Hope in him for - ev - er; Pray, what - ev - er shall be - fall us, Je - sus will de - liv - er.

SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL.

"Looking for the coming of the day of God." 2 Peter 3: 12.

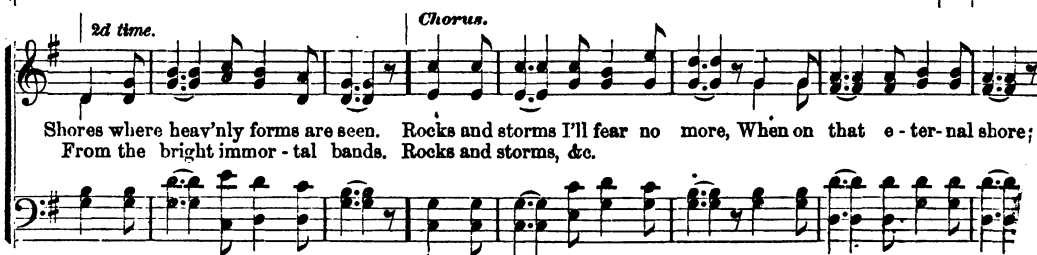
J. M. EVANS.

1st time.

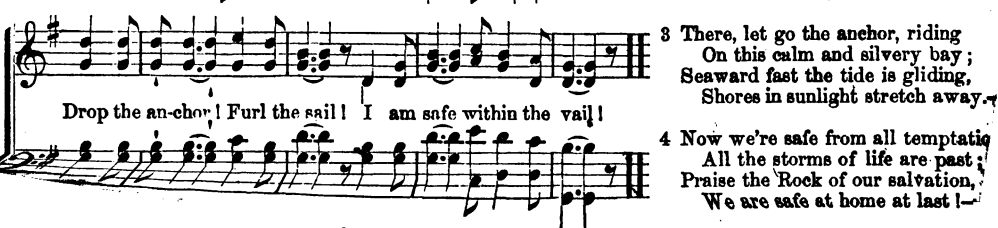


1. { "Land a - head!" its fruits are wav - ing O'er the hills of fade-less green; }
 And the liv - ing wa - ters lav - ing [OMIT.....] }
 2. { On - ward, bark! the cape I'm round - ing; See the bless - ed wave their hands; }
 Hear the harps of God re - sound - ing [OMIT.....] }

2d time. Chorus.



Shores where heav'nly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e - ter - nal shore;
 From the bright im - mor - tal bands. Rocks and storms, &c.



Drop the an - chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the veil!

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
 On this calm and silvery bay;
 Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
 Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptations
 All the storms of life are past;
 Praise the Rock of our salvation,
 We are safe at home at last!

Words by J. B. MONSELL.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand." Romans 13: 12.

Music arranged for this Work.

Fine.

1. { Soon and for-ev-er! such promise our trust, Tho' ash-es to ash-es, and dust un-to dust: }
 { Soon and for-ev-er, our u-nion shall be Made perfect, our glo-rious Redeem-er, in thee. } When the
 n. c. life can-not fail, and death cannot sev-er, Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.

D. C.

sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er, Its pangs and its part-ings re-mem-bered no more; Where

2.

Soon and forever the breaking of day
 Shall chase all the night-clouds of sorrow away;
 Soon and forever we'll see as we're seen,
 And know the deep meaning of things that have been;
 Where fightings without and conflicts within
 Shall weary no more in the warfare with sin;
 Where tears and where fears and where death shall be never,
 Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.

3.

Soon and forever the work shall be done,
 The warfare accomplished, the victory won;
 Soon and forever the soldier lay down
 The sword for a harp, the cross for a crown.
 Then sink not in sorrow, despond not in fear,
 A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near,
 When—blessed reward for each faithful endeavor—
 Christians with Christ shall be, soon and forever.

CHRIST IN THE VESSEL.

"I have put my trust in the Lord God." Ps. 73 : 28.

KARL REDEN.



1. Be-gone, un-be-lief! My Sav-iour is near; And for my re-lief Will sure-ly ap-pear: By



prayer let me wres-tle, And he will per-form; With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.

*Chorus.*

By prayer let me wrestle, And he will perform; With Christ in the ves-sel, I smile at the storm.



HYMNS TO "CHRIST IN THE VESSEL."

73

2 Determined to save,
He watched o'er my path,
When, Satan's blind slave,
I sported with death:
And can he have taught me
To trust in his name,
And thus far have brought me,
To put me to shame!

3 Why should I complain
Of want or distress,
Temptation or pain!
He told me no less:
The heirs of salvation,
I know from his word,
Through much tribulation,
Must follow their Lord.

4 Though dark be my way,
Since he is my guide,
'Tis mine to obey,
'Tis his to provide:
His way was much rougher
And darker than mine;
Did Jesus thus suffer,
And shall I repine?

5 His love in time past
Forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last
In trouble to sink:
Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long,
And then, O, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!

101 "They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and talk of thy power." Ps. 145: 11.

1 Ye servants of God,
Your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad
His wonderful name:
The name, all victorious,
Of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious,
And rules over all.

2 God ruleth on high
Almighty to save;
And still he is nigh;
His presence we have:
The great congregation
His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation
To Jesus, our King.

3 Salvation to God,
Who sits on the throne,
Let all cry aloud,
And honor the Son:
Our Saviour's high praises
The angels proclaim,—
Fall down on their faces
And worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore,
And give him his right—
All glory and power
And wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing,
With angels above,
And thanks never ceasing,
And infinite love.

102 "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." Ps. 34: 3.

1 O, worship the King
All-glorious above;
O, gratefully sing
His power and love!
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor,
And girded with praise.

2 O, tell of his might,
O, sing of his grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space!
His chariots of wrath
The deep thunder-clouds form,
And dark is his path
On the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care
What tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air,
It shines in the light,
It streams from the hills,
It descends to the plains,
And sweetly distills
In the dew and the rains.

4 Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust,
Nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer and Friend.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

74

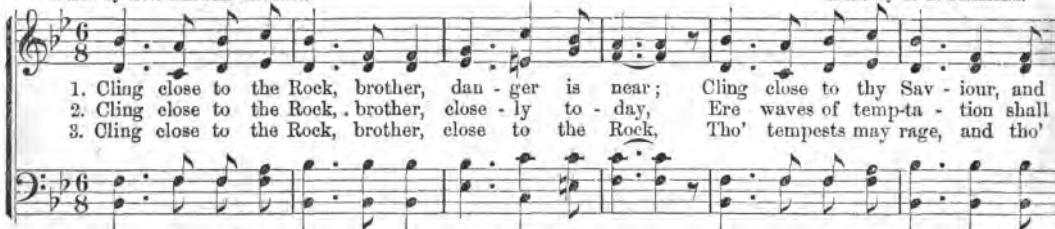
103

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.

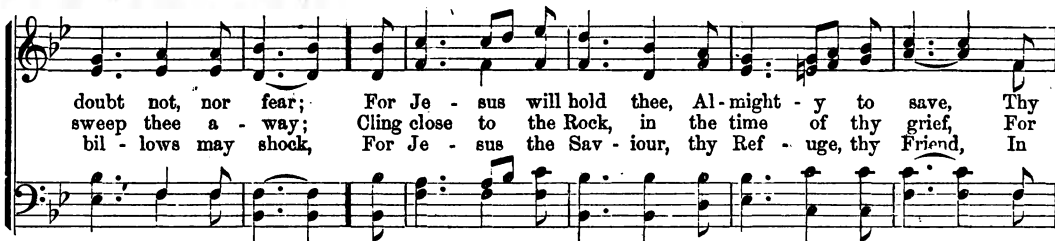
"In full assurance of faith." Heb. 10 : 22.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

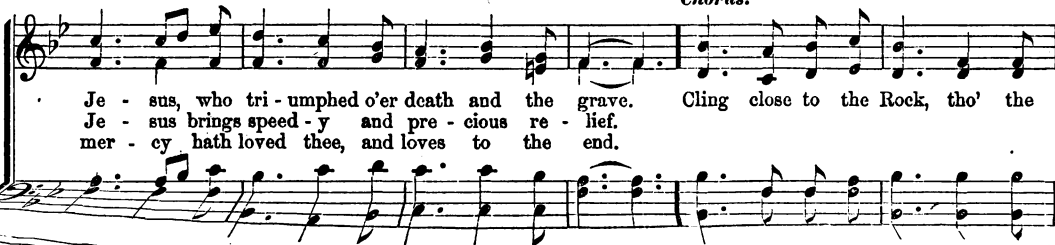


1. Cling close to the Rock, brother, dan - ger is near; Cling close to thy Sav - iour, and
 2. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close - ly to - day, Ere waves of temp - ta - tion shall
 3. Cling close to the Rock, brother, close to the Rock, Tho' tempests may rage, and tho'



doubt not, nor fear; For Je - sus will hold thee, Al - might - y to save, Thy
 sweep thee a - way; Cling close to the Rock, in the time of thy grief, For
 bil - lows may shock, For Je - sus the Sav - iour, thy Ref - uge, thy Friend, In

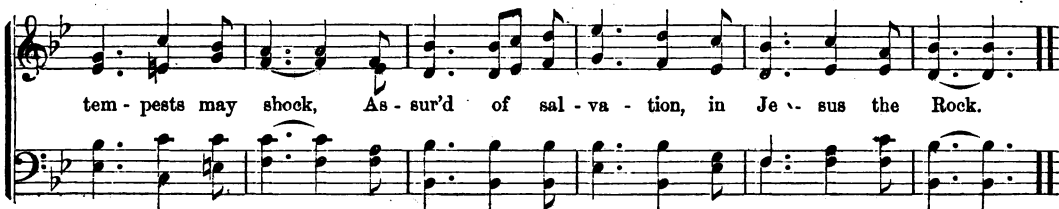
Chorus.



Je - sus, who tri - umphed o'er death and the grave. Cling close to the Rock, tho' the
 Je - sus brings speed - y and pre - cious re - lief.
 mer - cy hath loved thee, and loves to the end.

CLING CLOSE TO THE ROCK.—Concluded.

75

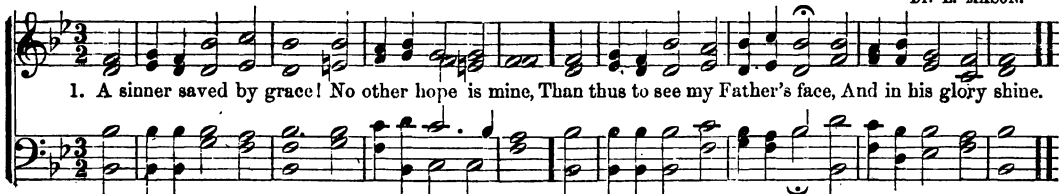


104

OLMUTZ. S. M.

"By the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved." Acts 15 : 11.

Dr. L. MASON.



2.

No merits of my own,
No righteousness I bring,
With broken, contrite heart, alone
To Jesus' cross I cling.

3.

I know he will forgive
My sins, if thus I come;
I know that I at last shall live
With him in heaven my home.

105

"Cast thy burden on the Lord." Ps. 55 : 22.

1.

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
"Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care."

2.

Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up,
Shall guard his children well.

3.

Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

4.

His goodness stands approved,
Through each succeeding day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

76

106

ALIDA. C. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Job. 19: 25.

D. B. THOMPSON.

1. My faith shall tri-umph o'er the grave, And tram-ple on the toms: My Je - sus, my Re-deem-er,
d. c. And death, the last of all his

lives, My God, my Saviour, comes: Ere long I know he shall ap-pear, In power and glo - ry great;
foes, Lie vanquished at his feet.

2 Then, though the worms my flesh devour,
And make my form their prey,
I know I shall arise with power,
On the last judgment-day:
When God shall stand upon the earth,
Him there mine eyes shall see;
*My flesh shall feel a second birth,
And ever with him be.*

3 Then his own hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
Shall cease eternally.
How long, dear Saviour, oh, how long
Shall this bright hour delay!
Oh, hasten thy appearance, Lord,
And bring the welcome day.

FAITH AND HOPE SONGS.

HYMNS TO "ALIDA."

77

37

"I will give you rest." Matt. 11: 28.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
Come unto me and rest:
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live.
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light,
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun:
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

18

"In my Father's house are many mansions. John 14: 2.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

- 2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all,—
There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

109

"The Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever. Rev. 22: 5.

- 1 THESE are the crowns that we shall wear,
When all the saints are crowned;
These are the palms that we shall bear
On yonder holy ground.
These are the robes, unsoiled and white,
Which we shall then put on,
When, foremost 'mong the sons of light,
We sit on yonder throne.
- 2 Then welcome toil and care and pain!
And welcome sorrow too!
All toil is rest, all grief is gain,
With such a prize in view.
Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm;
Burst forth, glad stream of peace!
Come, holy city of the Lamb!
Rise, Sun of righteousness!

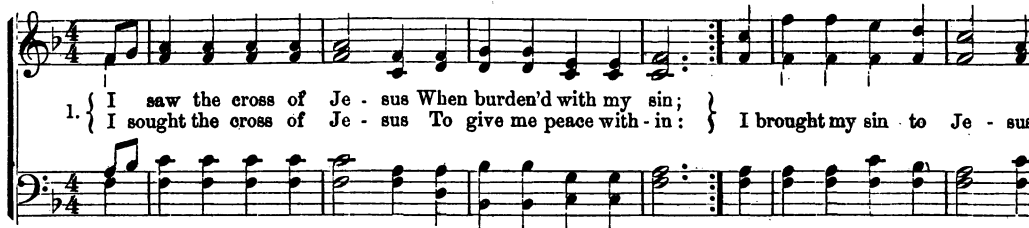
110

"To whom be honor and power everlasting." 1 Tim. 6: 16.

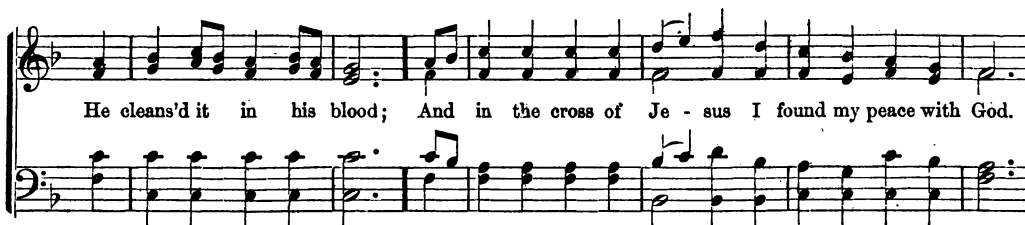
- 1 Now to the Lamb that once was slain,
Be endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy remain
Forever on thy head.
Thou hast redeemed us by thy blood,
And set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with thee.

THE CROSS OF JESUS. 7.6.

"Unto us which are saved it is the power of God." 1 Cor. 1: 18.



1. { I saw the cross of Je - sus When burden'd with my sin; }
 { I sought the cross of Je - sus To give me peace with - in: } I brought my sin to Je - sus



He cleans'd it in his blood; And in the cross of Je - sus I found my peace with God.

2.

I love the cross of Jesus,
 It tells me what I am;
 A vile and guilty creature,
 Saved only through the Lamb.
 No righteousness, no merit,
 No beauty can I plead;
*Yet in the cross I glory,
 My title there I read.*

3.

I clasp the cross of Jesus
 In every trying hour,
 My sure and certain refuge,
 My never-failing tower.
 In every fear and conflict
 I more than conqueror am;
 Living I'm safe, or dying,
 Through Christ the risen Lamb.

4.

Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
 There let my weary heart
 Still rest in perfect peace,
 Till life itself depart.
 And then in strains of glory
 I'll sing thy wond'rous power,
 Where sin can never enter
 And death is known no more.

HYMNS TO "THE CROSS OF JESUS."

79

112 "Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many." Heb. 9: 28.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.
I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash my crimson stains
White, in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
And fullness dwells in him;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.
I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrow shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild.
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

113 "They which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Rev. 21: 27.

1 OH, if my name be written
In God's own Book of Life,
How calmly will I suffer
All sorrow, toil, and strife!
Let fiercest foes assail me,
And compass me around,
If my poor name be only
On its bright pages found!

2 If there my name be written,
I'll welcome every woe,
And smile, though waves of sorrow
Body and soul o'erflow.
Bright gleamings from thy presence
Will make my spirit bright,
And keep my soul in patience
Till faith is lost in sight.

3 Oh, let my name be written
Within that blessed book!
In mercy, gracious Saviour,
Upon thy servant look,
Who daily mourns in sorrow
When weary footsteps stray
From thee, O blessed Saviour,
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

4 Dear Lord, by earnest striving,
I wait to do thy will,
Watching and ever praying
Thy purpose to fulfil.
I heed not, though thou lead me
Through sorrow, toil, and strife,
If but my name be written
In thy blest Book of Life!

114 "Whether we live therefore or die, we are the Lord's." Rom. 14: 8.

1 AMID life's wild commotion,
Where nought the heart can cheer,
Who points beyond its ocean
To heaven's brighter sphere?
Our feeble footsteps guiding,
When from the path we stray,
Who leads to bliss abiding?
Christ is our only Way.

2 When doubts and fears distress us,
And all around is gloom,
And shame and fear oppress us,
Who can our souls illumine?
Heaven's rays are round us gleaming,
And making all things bright,
The sun of truth is beaming
In glory on our sight.

3 Who fills our hearts with gladness
That none can take away?
Who shows us, 'midst our sadness,
The distant realms of day!
'Mid fears of death assailing,
Who stills the hearts' wild strife?
'Tis Christ! our Friend, unfailing,
The Way, the Truth, the Life.

115 "I will praise thee more and more." Ps. 71: 14.

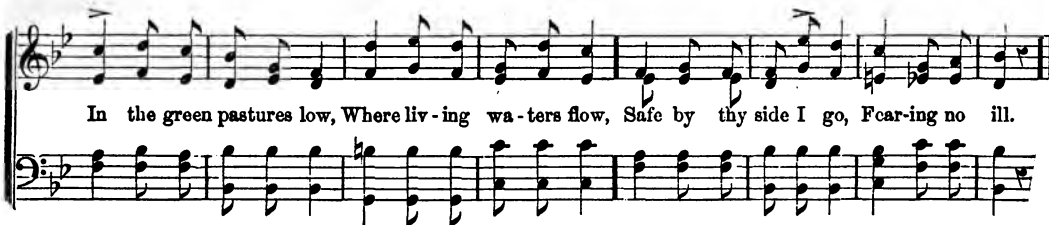
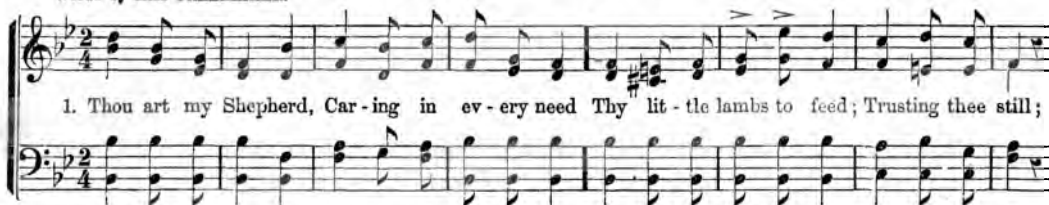
ETERNAL praise be given,
And songs of highest worth,
By all the hosts of heaven,
And all the saints on earth,
To God, supreme confessed,
To Christ, his only Son,
And to the Spirit blessed,
Eternal Three in One.

80

116

MY SHEPHERD.

Words by Miss THALHEIMER.

"The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." John 10 : 11.

2.

Or, if my way lie
Where death o'erhanging nigh,
My soul would terrify
With sudden chill,—
Yet I am not afraid;
*While softly on my head
Thy hand is laid,*

117

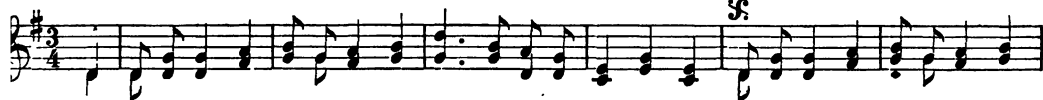
"O my God, be not far from me."—Ps. 38 : 21.

1 LORD, do not leave me!
I'm but a little child,
Weak, poor, and sin defiled,
Afraid, alone;
But thou art strong and wise,
No ill can thee surprise;
Beneath thy loving eyes
Danger is none.

2 If thou wilt guide me,
Gladly I'll go with thee;—
No harm can come to me
Holding thy hand;
And soon my weary feet
Safe in the golden street,
Where all who love Thee
Redeem'd shall stand.

"We rejoice in hope of the glory of God." Romans 5:2.

GEORGE F. ROOT. By permission.



1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly,—Those



d. s. just be-fore the shining shore, We

Fine. Chorus.

D. S.



hours of toil and dan-ger. For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing o-ver; And
may al-most dis-cov-er.



2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our heavenly home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;

That perfect rest naught can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever,
Our King says come, and there's our home,
Forever! oh, forever!

SONGS OF SALVATION.

82

119

NEARER MY HOME.

There is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." 2 Tim. 4 : 8.

Music by JOHN M. EVANS.

1. A crown of glo - ry bright, By faith's clear eyes I see, In yon - der realms of

Chorus.

light, Pre - pared for me. I'm near - er my home, near - er my home, near - er my home to -

Repeat very softly.

day; Yes! near - er my home in heaven to - day Than ev - er I was be - fore.

2 Oh, may I faithful prove,
And keep the crown in view,
And through the storms of life
My way pursue.

3 Jesus, be thou my guide,
My daily steps attend;
Oh, keep me near thy side,
Be thou my friend.

4 Be thou my shield and sun,
My Saviour and my guard;
And when my work is done,
My great reward.

"Thou art the rock of my salvation." Ps. 89 : 26.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Fine.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!
D. C. Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy riv - en side which flowed ;

2 Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil thy law's demands :
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears forever flow.
All for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save, and thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring ;
Simply to thy cross I cling ;
Naked, came to thee for dress ;

Helpless, look to thee for grace ;
Foul, I to thy fountain fly ;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die !

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment-throne.
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

LUELLA.

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners." 1 Tim. 1:15.

H. N. WHITNEY.

1. Je - sus, ten - der Sav - iour, Hast thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thank - ful

In my heart to thee. When the sad, sad sto - ry Of t' y grief I read,

Make me ve - ry sor - ry For my sins in - deed.

2 Now I know thou lovest,
And dost plead for me,
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to thee.

3 Soon, I hope, in glory,
At thy side to stand:
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land

122

STOCKWELL. 8.7.

85

"I was brought low and he helped me." Ps. 116: 6.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by D. E. JONES.



1 God is near me; he will cheer me
When the waves of sorrow roll;
He'll defend me, he will lend me
Comfort for my troubled soul.

2 When I'm sinking, almost thinking
That my God has hid his face,
Fears all groundless, mercy boundless,
Brighter, clearer, shines his face.

3 He hath spoken; never broken
Hath his faithful promise been;
Loves me ever, fails me never,
Washes out my deepest sin.

4 Always near me, ever cheer me,
Father, Saviour, hear my cry!
Comfort bringing, keep me singing
Hallelujah, when I die.

123 *"Be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart."* Ps. 27: 14.

1 **COURAGE**, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

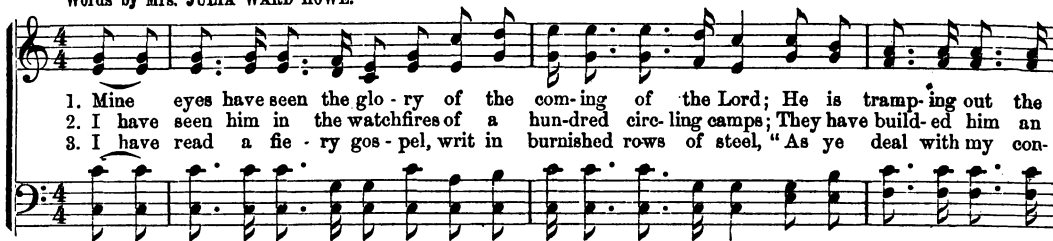
3 Simple rule, and safest guiding,
Inward peace, and inward might,
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God, and do the right."

4 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
REV NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

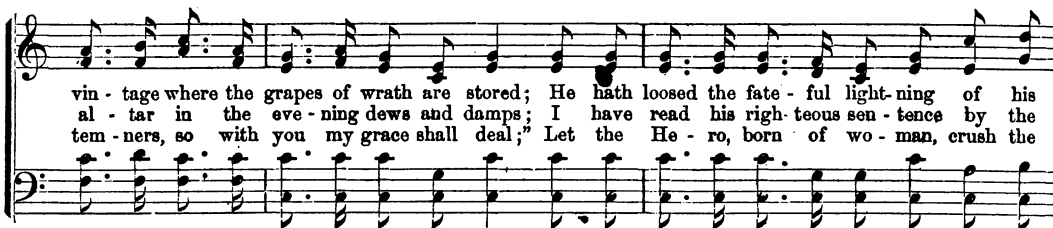
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

"The glorious liberty of the children of God." Rom 8: 21.

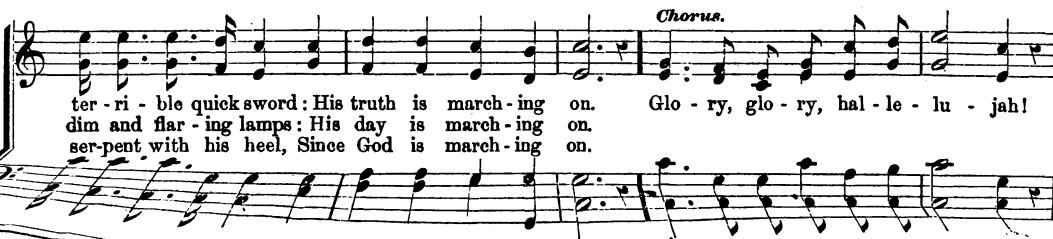
Words by Mrs. JULIA WARD HOWE.



1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp - ing out the
 2. I have seen him in the watchfires of a hun - dred circ - ling camps; They have build - ed him an
 3. I have read a fie - ry gos - pel, writ in burnished rows of steel, "As ye deal with my con -



vin - tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate - ful light - ning of his
 al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I have read his righ - teous sen - tence by the
 tem - ners, so with you my grace shall deal;" Let the He - ro, born of wo - man, crush the



Chorus.
 ter - ri - ble quick sword: His truth is march - ing on. Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
 dim and flar - ing lamps: His day is march - ing on.
 ser - pent with his heel, Since God is march - ing on.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.—Concluded.

87



- 4 He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer him! be jubilant, my feet:
Our God is marching on.
- 5 In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

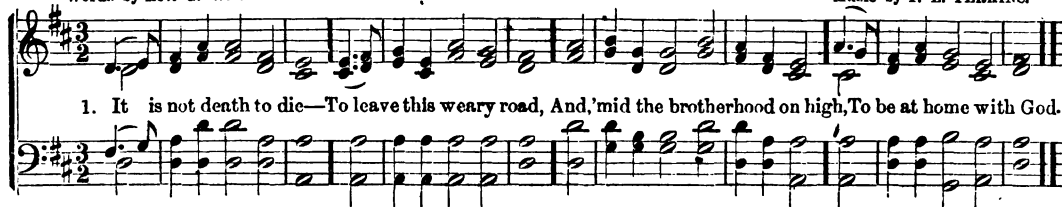
125

HUNTINGTON. S. M.

"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." John 11 : 26.

Words by Rev. G. W. BETHUNE.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



2.
It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years,

3.
It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4.
Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

CREATION. L. M. 6 lines.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures." Ps 23: 2.

HAYDN.

1. The Lord
2. When in

my pas - ture shall pre - pare,
the sul - try glebe I faint,

And feed in the
Or in the

with a
thirst - y

shep - herd's care;
mount - ain pant,

His pres - ence shall my wants sup - ply, And
To fer - tile vales and dew - y meads, My guard me
wea - ry,

with a watch - ful eye.
wan - d'ring steps he leads

My noon - day walks he shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de -
Where peace - ful riv - ers, soft and slow, A - mid the ver - dant land - scape

FAITH AND HOPE SONGS.

CREATION.—*Concluded.*

89

3 Though in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
His bounty shall my pains beguile;
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With living green and herbage crowned,
And streams shall murmur all around.

4 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord! art with me still;
Thy rod and crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dismal shade.

127

OLIVET. 6s & 4s.

"Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

Dr. MASON.



1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

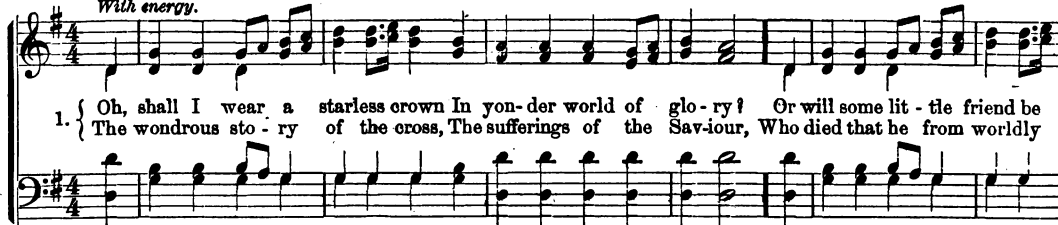
4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul.

A STARLESS CROWN.

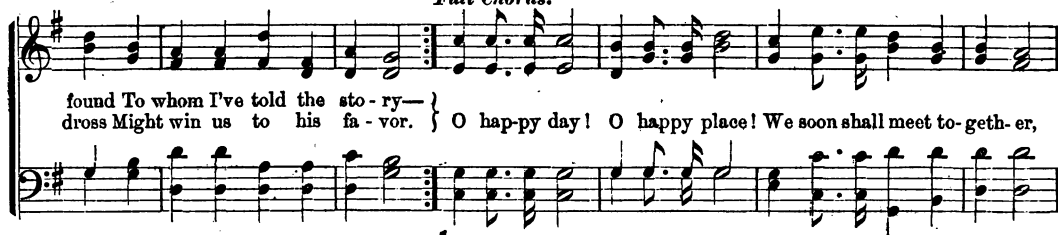
Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

"A crown of glory that fadeth not away." 1 Peter 5 : 4.

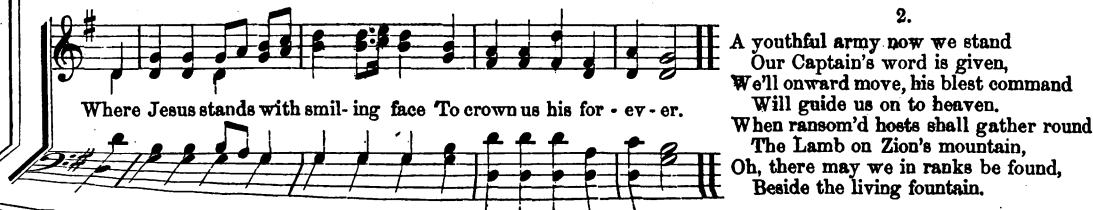
Music by T. E. PERKINS.

With energy.


1. { Oh, shall I wear a starless crown In yon-der world of glo-ry! Or will some lit-tle friend be
The wondrous sto-ry of the cross, The sufferings of the Sav-iour, Who died that he from worldly

Full Chorus.


found To whom I've told the sto-ry— }
dross Might win us to his fa-vor. } O hap-py day! O happy place! We soon shall meet to-geth-er,



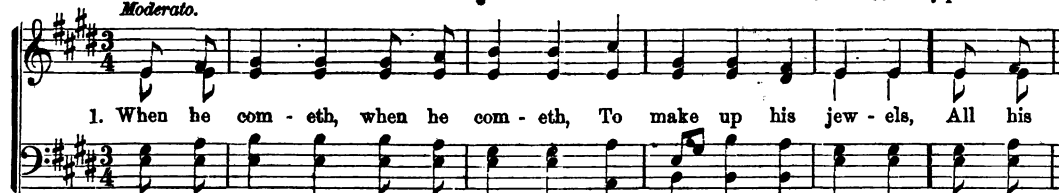
2.
Where Jesus stands with smil-ing face 'To crown us his for-ev-er.

A youthful army now we stand
Our Captain's word is given,
We'll onward move, his blest command
Will guide us on to heaven,
When ransom'd hosts shall gather round
The Lamb on Zion's mountain,
Oh, there may we in ranks be found,
Beside the living fountain.

"They shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." Dan. 12: 3.

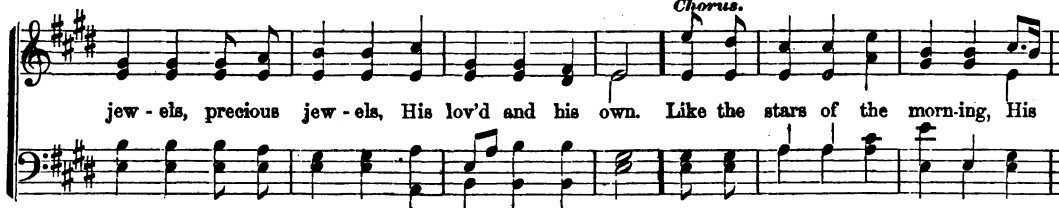
G. F. ROOT. By permission.

Moderato.

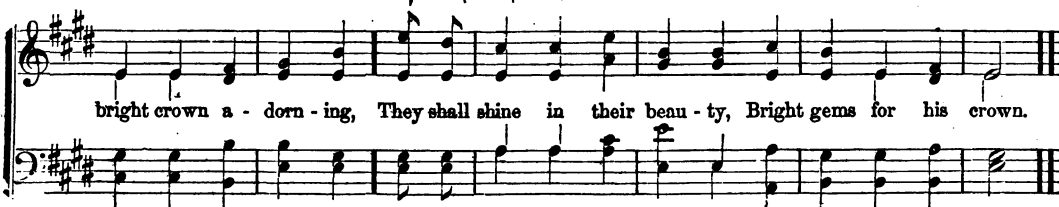


1. When he com - eth, when he com - eth, To make up his jew - els, All his

Chorus.



jew - els, precious jew - els, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the morning, His



bright crown a - dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for his crown.

2 He will gather, he will gather
The gems for his kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and his own.—CHO

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.—CHO.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

92

130

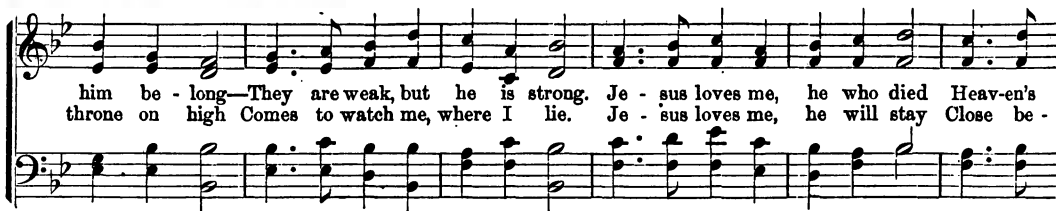
JESUS LOVES ME.

"Perfect love casteth out fear." 1 John 4:18.

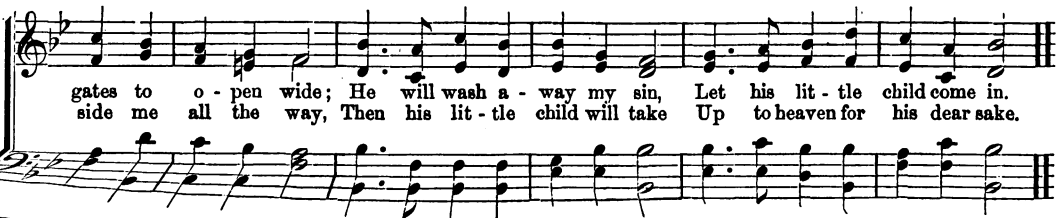
T. E. PERKINS.



1. Je - sus loves me, this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle ones to
2. Je - sus loves me, loves me still, Tho' I'm oft - en weak and ill; From his shin - ing



him be - long—They are weak, but he is strong. Je - sus loves me, he who died Heav-en's
throne on high Comes to watch me, where I lie. Je - sus loves me, he will stay Close be -



gates to o - pen wide; He will wash a - way my sin, Let his lit - tle child come in.
side me all the way, Then his lit - tle child will take Up to heaven for his dear sake.

FAITH AND HOPE SONGS.

"My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord." Ps. 145: 21.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Sing to the Lord who reigns a - bove, Sing with a cheer-ful voice; Sing of the Saviour's

Chorus.
dy - ing love, Bid ev - ery heart re - joice. Sing of his love, Sing of his power. Sing how he keeps us

ev - ery hour; Sing of his power, Sing of his love, Sing to the Lord who reigns a - bove.

2.
Sing in the darkest hour of night,
Sing, for the Lord is near;
Sing how he giveth strength and light,
Sing, for he loves to hear.

3.
Sing in the hour of holy joy;
Sing when the day is bright;
Praise shall our holiest powers employ;
Sing, for he gives us light.

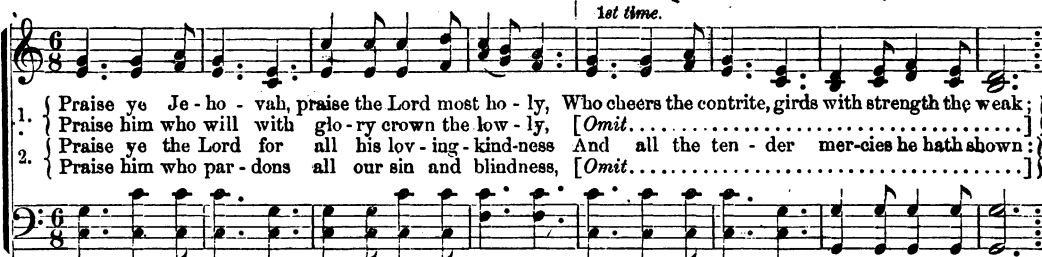
4.
Sing with the ransomed choir on high,
Sing in the gladdest strains;
Sing to the Lord who came to die,
Sing for he ever reigns.

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.

"Let the children of Zion be joyful in their King." Psalm 149: 2.

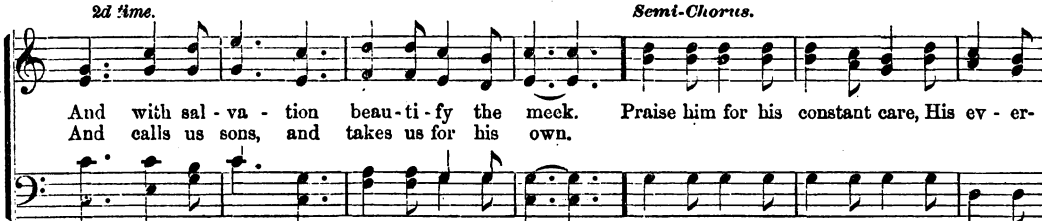
Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1st time.



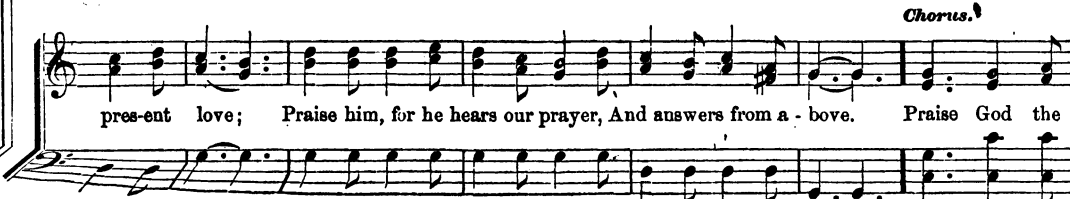
1. { Praise ye Je - ho - vah, praise the Lord most ho - ly, Who cheers the contrite, girds with strength the weak; }
 { Praise him who will with glo - ry crown the low - ly, [Omit.....] }
 2. { Praise ye the Lord for all his lov - ing - kind - ness And all the ten - der mer - cies he hath shown; }
 { Praise him who par - dons all our sin and blindness, [Omit.....] }

2d time. *Semi-Chorus.*



And with sal - va - tion beau - ti - fy the meek. Praise him for his constant care, His ev - er -
 And calls us sons, and takes us for his own.

Chorus.



pres - ent love; Praise him, for he hears our prayer, And answers from a - bove. Praise God the

PRAISE YE JEHOVAH.—Concluded.

95



Fa - ther, Praise the ev - er - bless - ed Son, Praise God the Spir - it, Praise the Three in One.

3 Praise ye Jehovah! source of every blessing,—
Before his gifts earth's richest boons are dim:
Resting in him, his peace and joy possessing,
All things are ours, for we have all in him.

4 Praise ye the Father! God the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love his only Son;
Praise ye the Son who died himself to save us!
Praise ye the Spirit! praise the Three in One!

133

HEBER. C. M.

"There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Acts 4 : 12.

GEORGE KINGSLEY.



1 THERE is a name I like to hear,
I love to speak its worth:
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 Jesus! the name I love so well
The name I love to hear!

No saint on earth its worth can tell,
No heart conceive how dear.

4 This name shall shed its fragrance still
Along this stormy road,
Shall sweetly smooth the rugged hill
That leads me up to God.

5 And there, with all the blood-bought throng,
From sin and sorrow free,
I'll sing the new eternal song
Of Jesus' love for me.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

96

134

OUR SAVIOUR KING.

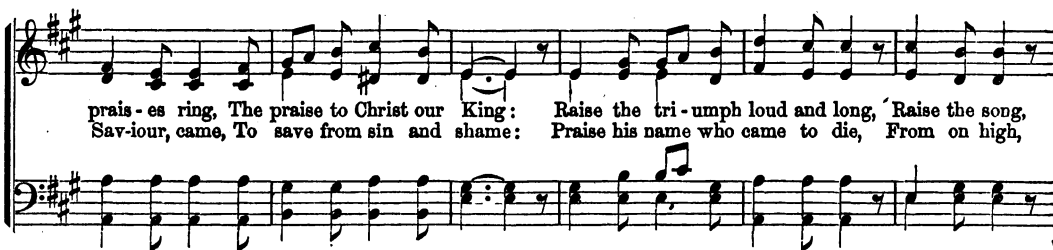
"Even Jesus, who delivered us from the wrath to come." 1 Thess. 1:10.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Praise the Lord, the Sav - iour King! Glad - ly sing To our King, Loud the joy - ful
2. Praise him for his dy - ing love! From a - bove, Rich in love, Je - sus, might - y



prais - es ring, The praise to Christ our King: Raise the tri - umph loud and long, 'Raise the song,
Sav-iour, came, To save from sin and shame: Praise his name who came to die, From on high,



Chorus.
Clear and strong, Hearts and voi - ces join the song, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus. Praise him,
Came to die; To his arms of love we'll fly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

OUR SAVIOUR KING.—Concluded.

97



8 Praise him, for he lives again,
Lives to reign; Not in vain
We will trust his mighty love,
Our Saviour reigns above:

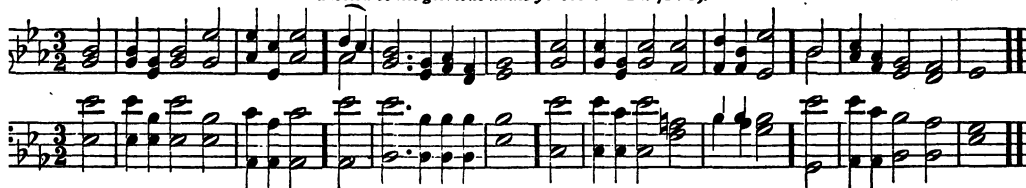
Glory to his name we sing,
Gladly sing, To our King,
Loud the grateful anthems ring,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

135

VALENTIA. C. M.

"Blessed be his glorious name forever." Ps. 72: 19.

EBERWEIN.



1 Arise, my soul! my joyful powers,
And triumph in my God;
Awake, my voice! and loud proclaim
His glorious grace abroad.

2 The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he placed,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast.

3 The city of my blest abode
Is walled around with grace;
Salvation for a bulwark stands,
To shield the sacred place.

4 Arise, my soul! awake, my voice!
And tunes of pleasure sing;
Loud hallelujahs shall address
My Saviour and my King.

THE EVERLASTING JOY.

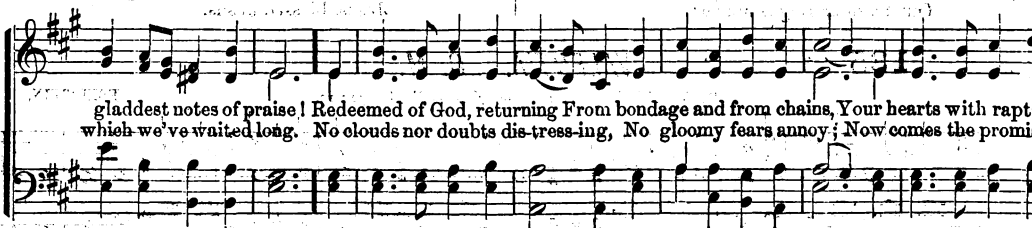
"With songs and everlasting joy upon their heads." Isaiah 35: 10.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

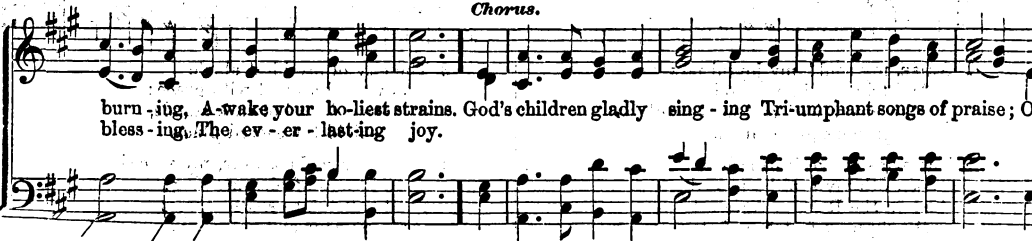


1. O come, God's hosts, with singing! Loud songs of triumph raise; Ye ransomed ones, come, bring- ing You
 2. No sighs, nor tears, nor sor- row, Now mar the joy- ful song; Now dawns the glad to- mor- row, For



gladdest notes of praise! Redeemed of God, returning From bondage and from chains, Your hearts with rapt
 which we've waited long. No clouds nor doubts dis-ress-ing, No gloomy fears annoy; Now comes the promi

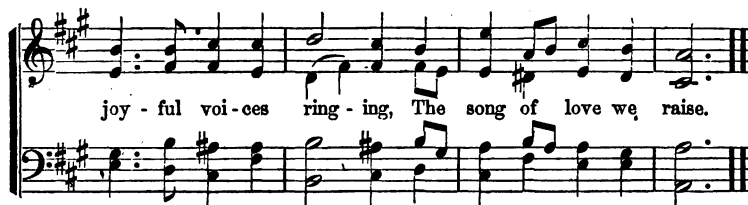
Chorus.



burn-ing, A-wake your ho-li-est strains. God's children gladly sing-ing Tri-umphant songs of praise; O
 bless-ing. The ev-er-last-ing joy.

THE EVERLASTING JOY.—Concluded.

99

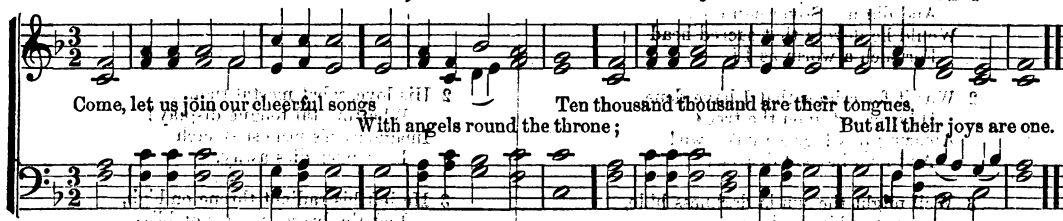


3 No more the days of fasting
And mourning for the dead
But pleasures everlasting,
And joy on every head.
The days of sadness ended,
The weary, darkened night,
Now shines the lustre splendid,
The golden, glorious light.

137

MARLOW. C. M.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." Rev. 5: 12.



2.
"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus."
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

B.

Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

138 "My soul doth magnify the Lord." Luke 2: 46.

1 I've found the pearl of greatest price;
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine—
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ Jesus is my All in All,
My comfort and my love;
My life below, and he shall be
My joy and crown above.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

100

139

AVON. C. M.

Scottish



139 "Christ died for our sins." 1 Cor. 15 : 3.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die!
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I!
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree!
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe,
*Here, Lord, I give myself away
'Tis all that I can do.*

140 "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man
down his life for his friends." John 15 : 13.

- 1 To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song:
Oh, may his love (immortal flame)
Tune every heart and tongue.
- 2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.
- 3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?
- 4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."
- 5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

PRAISE SONGS.

HYMNS TO "AVON."

101

"Christ in you, the hope of glory."
Col. 1: 27.

a heart to praise my God,
rt from sin set free;
that always feels thy blood,
ely shed for me.

resigned, submissive, meek,
eat Redeemer's throne;
only Christ is heard to speak,
e Jesus reigns alone:

In every thought renewed,
all of love divine;
id right, and pure and good,
y, Lord, of thine.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."
Matt. 21: 9.

A! be our cheerful song,
rist, our Saviour King;
ise, to whom we all belong.
I unite and sing.

a! here, in joyful bands,
d and young proclaim;
l, with voices, hearts, and hands,
on of David's name.

a! sound from hill to hill,
pread from plain to plain,
uder, sweeter, clearer still,
s echo to the strain.

a! on the wings of light,
arth and ocean fly,
rn to eve, and noon to night,
eaven to earth reply.

a! then our song shall be,
na to our King:
the children's jubilee,
l the children sing.

143 "Let everything that hath breath
praise the Lord." Ps. 150: 6.

1 O, FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,—
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears;
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race;
Look, and be saved through faith alone,
Be justified by grace.

144 "I will joy in the God of my sal-
vation." Hab. 3: 18.

1 SALVATION! O, the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

145 "I will sing praise unto thy name
forever." Ps. 61: 8.

1 Jesus, I love thy charming name;
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

2 Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm of all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.

4 I'll speak the honors of thy name
With my last laboring breath;
Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

146 "I am the way, the truth, and the
life: no man cometh unto the
Father but by me." John 14: 6.

1 THOU art the Way, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth, thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life, the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

LOVE DIVINE.

"Even Jesus, which delivered us from the wrath to come."

1 Thess. 1: 10.

Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Love, love di-vine, I sing, Oh, for the liv-ing flame From his own al-tar brought, To

praise his glo-rious name! Loft-y, pure, the strain should be, When I sing of Cal-va-ry.

2 Love, love on earth appears!
The wretched through his way;
He beareth all their griefs,
He wipes their tears away.
The strain should be,
Thee.

4 "I die for thee," he said—
Behold the cross, arise!
And lo! he bows his head—
He bows his head, and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary.

5 He lives! again he lives!
I hear the voice of Love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
Draw my soul above,
The strain shall be,

"Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood." Rev. 1:5

Words by H. L. HASTINGS.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Sav - iour of sin - ners, who for me, Bled up - on Cal - vary's cru - el tree; }
 { Who for the crimes of sin - ful men, Suf - fered, and died, and rose a - gain; — }

Sav - iour of sin - ners, heav - en - ly King, Glo - ry and praise to thee we bring.

2 Saviour of sinners, on thy brow
 Shineth the crown of glory now;
 Holy, thrice holy, Lord, Most High,
 Seraphim in thy presence cry;—
 There, with adoring eyes, I see
 Him who was slain on Calvary.

3 Saviour of sinners, thou shalt come,—
 Come to receive thy ransomed home;
 Come like the dawn of endless day,
 Banishing woes and tears away;—
 Then with the saved, oh, may I be,
 Saviour of sinners, home with thee.

104

149

THE SAVIOUR DRAWETH NIGH.

Words from the German.

"Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh." Luke 21 : 28.

Music by E. C. REVONS.

ff Boldly.

1. Re-joice, all ye be-liev-ers, Re-joice, and let your lights ap-pear; The eve-ning is ad-
 2. See that your lamps are burn-ing, Re-plen-ish them with pur-est oil, And wait for your sal-

vane-ing, And dark-er night is near. The Bridegroom is a-ris-ing, And soon he will be
 va-tion, The end of earth-ly toil. The watchers on 'the mount-ain Pro-claim the bless-ed

draw-ing nigh, Up! pray, and watch, and wres-tle, At midnight comes the cry! Re-joice! Re-
 Sav-iour near, Go, meet him, as he com-eth, With hal-le-lu-jahs clear! Re-joice! Re-

THE SAVIOUR DRAWETH NIGH.—Concluded.

105

joyce! The Saviour draweth nigh, Up! pray, and watch, and wrestle, The Saviour draw-eth nigh!
 joyce! With hal - le - lu - jabs clear! Re-joyce! rejoice! heirs of glory, The blessed Saviour's near!

Rejoice! The Sav-iour draweth nigh, Rejoice! Up! pray, &c.

8 Ye saints, who here in patience
 Your heavy cross and suff'rings bore,
 Shall live and reign forever,
 When sorrow is no more.
 Around the throne of glory,
 The Lamb of God ye shall behold;
 In triumph east before him
 Your diadems of gold!

Rejoice! Rejoice!
 The Saviour draweth nigh!
 Up! Up! ye heirs of glory,
 Your Lord is drawing nigh!

4 There flourish palms of vict'ry,
 There, spotless, radiant garments are,
 There stands the peaceful harvest
 Beyond the reach of war.

There, after stormy winter,
 The brightest flowers of earth arise,
 And from the grave's long slumber
 Shall meet again our eyes.

Rejoice! Rejoice!
 With hallelujahs clear!
 Up! up! ye saints of glory,
 The blessed Saviour's near!

150

AZMON. C. M.

"I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Phil. 3: 14

GLASER.

1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
 And press with vigor on:
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey;
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all animating voice,
 That calls thee from on high,
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize
 To thine uplifted eye.

4 Then wake, my soul, &c.

108

155

THE LORD IS KING.

"Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King." Ps. 98: 6.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Music by Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. From "Notes of Joy."

1. Praise the Lord, all ye peo - ple, oh, lift up your voice, Let the floods clap their
 2. See the man - sions of glo - ry their por - tals un - fold, Our Re - deem - er as -

Chorus.

hands and the mountains re - joice. We will praise him, we will praise him, we will
 cend - ing, the an - gels be - hold.

join the might-y, might-y cho - rus, For the Lord is our God, for the Lord is our King.

3 Tho' the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall,
 Yet the Lord is triumphant, he rules over all.

4 To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
 Let his name be exalted with rapture and songs.

152

BARTIMEUS. 8, 7.

1

"But he that glorieth let him glory in the Lord." 2 Cor. 10: 17.

1.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
And the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streat
Adds new lustre to the day.

153

"The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost be with you all." 2 Cor. 13: 14.

1 MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above!

2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord!
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

154

"Her sins, which are many, are forgiven." Luke 7: 47.

1.

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.

3.

Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour passed that way.

5.

Shout, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love!

2.

Oh, what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4.

Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

6.

That blessed moment I received!
Filled my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much! I'm much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

108

155

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Chorus.

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 cend - ing, the an - gels be - hold.

join the might-y, might-y cho - rus, For the Lord is our God, for the Lord is our King.

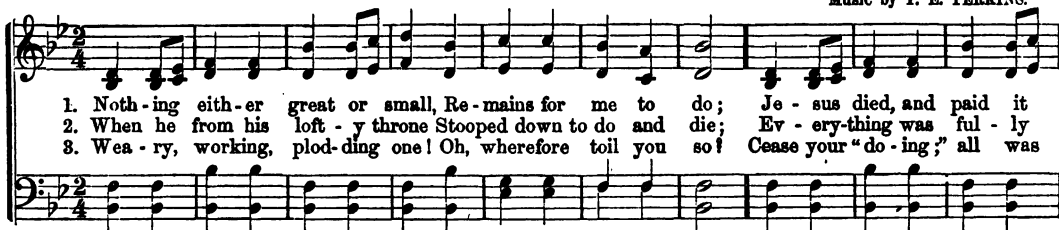
*3 Tho' the kingdoms of earth and their splendor shall fall,
 Yet the Lord is triumphant, he rules over all.*

*4 To the Lord, our Creator, salvation belongs,
 Let his name be exalted with rapture and songs.*

PRAISE SONGS.

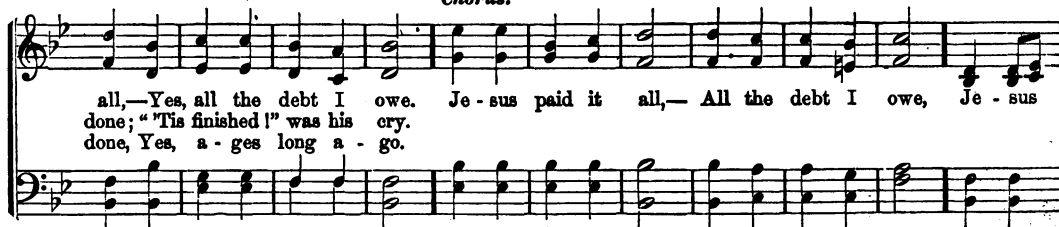
"According to his mercy he saved us." Titus 3: 5.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Noth-ing eith-er great or small, Re-mains for me to do; Je-sus died, and paid it
 2. When he from his loft-y throne Stooped down to do and die; Ev-ery-thing was ful-ly
 3. Wea-ry, working, plod-ding one! Oh, wherefore toil you so! Cease your "do-ing," all was

Chorus.



all,—Yes, all the debt I owe. Je-sus paid it all,— All the debt I owe, Je-sus
 done; "Tis finished!" was his cry.
 done, Yes, a-ges long a-go.



died, and paid it all—Yes, all the debt I owe.

4 Till to Jesus' work you cling,
 Alone by simple faith,
 "Doing" is a deadly thing,
 All "doing" ends in death.

5 Cast your deadly "doing" down,
 Down all at Jesus' feet;
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 All glorious and complete.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

110

157

WE'LL PRAISE HIS LOVE.

"The gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ his Son." Rom. 6: 23.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by T. E. PERKIN

1. O best and ho - liest gift of God, E - ter - nal life through Je - sus! Our Sav - iour bears

Chorus.

heav - y load, From end - less ru - in frees us. We'll praise his love who reigns a - bove, V

tell the wondrous sto - ry, How from on high he came to die, To wel - come us to glo - r

2 O Spirit! rescued by thy breath
From sin's accursed wages,
From every power and fear of death
That in our nature rages.

3 O Saviour Prince! enthroned above,
Eternal life to give us,
Faithful to crown us with thy love,
Almighty to receive us.

4 Glad praise to Father, Spirit, I
We're saved from condemna
The One in Three, and Three in
Rich, glorious, free salvation

PRAISE SONGS.

"To him be glory both now and forever..." 2 Peter 3:18.

B. R. HANBY. From "Chapel Gems."

Chorus.

1. Who is he in yon-der stall, At whose feet the shepherds fall? 'Tis the Lord, O wondrous
2. Who is he in yon-der cot, Bending to his toil-some lot?

sto - ry, 'Tis the Lord, the King of Glo - ry, At his feet : we hum-bly fall, Crown him,

crown him, Lord of all.

3 Who is he who stands and weeps At the grave where Laz'rus sleeps?	6 On the cross, lo! who is he, Sheds his precious blood for me?
4 Who is he in deep distress, Fasting in the wilderness?	7 Who is he that, from the grave, Comes to heal, and help, and save?
5 Lo! at midnight, who is he Prays in dark Gethsemane?	8 Who is he that on yon throne Rules the world of light alone?

SONGS OF SALVATION.

112

159

AUTUMN. 8, 7. Double.

"Now thanks be to God which always causeth us to triumph." 2 Cor. 2: 14.

Spanish.

1. Lord, with glowing heart I'd praise thee, For the bliss thy love be-stows; For the pardoning grace that saves me,
n. s. Thou must light the flame, or never

And the peace that from it flows: Help, O God, my weak en-deav-or; This dull soul to rapture raise;
Can my love be warmed to praise.

2.
Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,
Wretched wanderer, far astray;
Found thee lost and kindly brought thee
From the paths of death away;
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stained cross appear.

3.
Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express:
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless:

Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise;
And, since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

160 "Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Col. 3: 1.

1 Jesus! hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

PRAISE SONGS.

HYMNS TO "AUTUMN."

113

- 3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Saviour's merits,
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

161 "He is my refuge and my fortress." Psalm 91: 2.

- 1 CALL Jehovah thy salvation,
Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade;
In his secret habitation,
Dwell, nor ever be dismayed:
There no tumult can alarm thee,
Thou shalt dread no hidden snare;
Guile nor violence can harm thee,
In eternal safeguard there.
- 2 From the sword at noonday wasting,
From the noisome pestilence,
In the depth of midnight blasting,
God shall be thy sure defense:
Fear not thou the deadly quiver,
When a thousand feel the blow;
Mercy shall thy soul deliver,
Though ten thousand be laid low.
- 3 Since, with pure and firm affection,
Thou on God hast set thy love,
With the wings of his protection,
He will shield thee from above;
Thou shalt call on him in trouble,
He will hearken, he will save;
Here, for grief reward thee double,
Crown with life beyond the grave.

162 "Upon this Rock will I build my Church." Matt 16: 18.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose work cannot be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose!
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.

- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
To supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove!
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows his thirst t' assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord, the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

163 "Our consolation also aboundeth by Christ." 2 Cor. 1: 5.

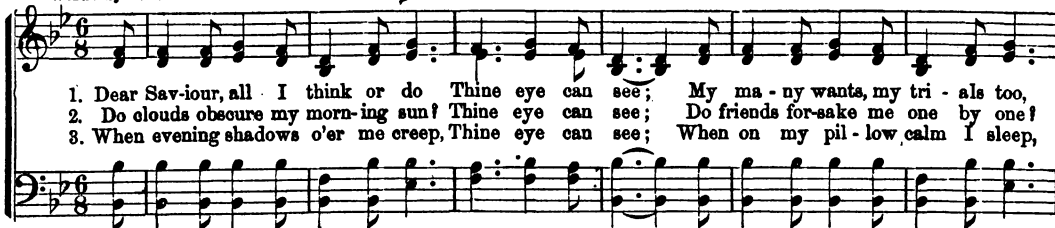
- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend:
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.
Here I'll sit forever viewing
Mercy streaming in his blood,
Precious drops my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 2 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze;
Love I much! I've much forgiven
I'm a miracle of grace.
Love and grief my heart dividing,
Gazing here I'd spend my breath:
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

THINE EYE CAN SEE.

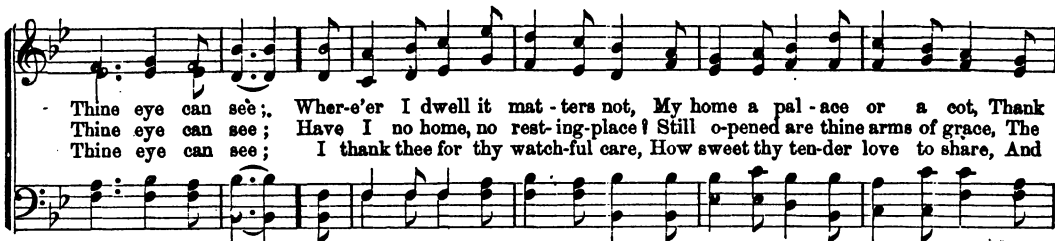
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Lord, thou hast searched me and known me." Ps. 139: 1.

T. E. PERKINS.




1. Dear Sav-iour, all I think or do Thine eye can see; My ma - ny wants, my tri - als too,
 2. Do clouds obscure my morn-ing sun! Thine eye can see; Do friends for-sake me one by one!
 3. When evening shadows o'er me creep, Thine eye can see; When on my pil - low, calm I sleep,

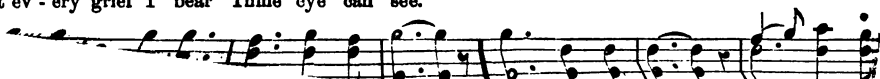


Thine eye can see; Wher-e'er I dwell it mat - ters not, My home a pal - ace or a cot, Thank
 Thine eye can see; Have I no home, no rest-ing-place! Still o-pened are thine arms of grace, The
 Thine eye can see; I thank thee for thy watch-ful care, How sweet thy ten-der love to share, And

Chorus.

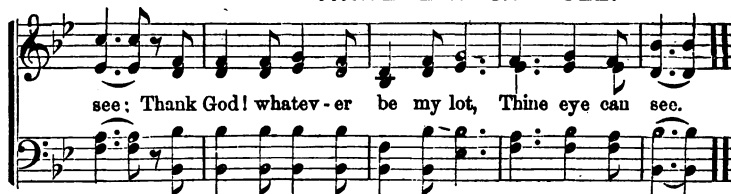


God! whatev - er be my lot, Thine eye can see. Thine eye can see, Thine eye can
 tear of sor - row on my face Thine eye can see.
 know that ev - ery grief I bear Thine eye can see.



THINE EYE CAN SEE.—Concluded.

115



4 If I will serve thee day by day,
Thine eye can see;
If from thy pleasant paths I stray,
Thine eye can see;
Oh, take my heart, my will subdue,
And may I ever keep in view,
That all I think and all I do
Thine eye can see.

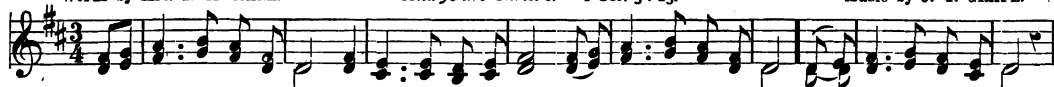
165

FULLNESS IN CHRIST.

Words by Mrs. E. M. HALL.

"And ye are Christ's." 1 Cor. 3: 23.

Music by J. T. GRAPE.

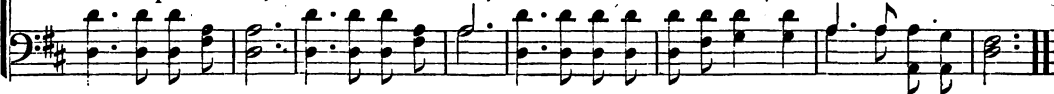


1. I hear my Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small, Thou hast naught thy debt to pay, Find in me thy all in all.

Chorus.



Je - sus paid it all, All to him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.



2 Yea, nothing good have I,
Whereby thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 And now complete in him,
My robe his righteousness,
Close sheltered 'neath his side,
I am divinely blest.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise
My Jesus paid it all,
Shall echo through the skies.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

116

166

LITTLE THINGS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"The Lord shall rejoice in his works." Ps. 104: 31.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Lit - tle mod - est vio - let blue, Spangled o'er with morning dew, }
 { Laughing in the sport - ive air, [Omit] } God has made thy leaves so fair;

Lit - tle lambs that skip and play In the meadow fresh and gay, God pro - tects you by his care,

He has made you bright and fair.

2.

Little star with twinkling eye,
 God has placed thee in the sky;
 Little bird with golden wing,
 God has taught thee how to sing;
 Little clouds, that lightly rest
 On the bosom of the west,
 Floating in the summer air,
 God has made your form so fair.

3.

Little, merry, laughing child,
 Ever playful, ever wild,
 Full of gladness, full of love,
 God has made thee, God above;
 He thy happy spirit keeps,
 For he never, never sleeps;
 When thy life on earth is past,
 He will take thee home at last.

PRAISE SONGS.

"My soul shall be joyful in my God." Isa. 61: 11. From "Notes of Joy."

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. I'm sing-ing my grate-ful notes of joy, Tell-ing of Je - sus' love; How happy the thoughts my
 2. Oh, glad be the notes of joy I raise, Stranger and pil-grim here; Oh, loud be my voice of
 3. I'll tell of the love of my Sav-iour King; Mer-cy is rich and free; And e'en in my lat - est

Chorus.

heart employ, Sing-ing of home a - bove. Mer-cy is rich, mer-cy is free, Je - sus, my Sav-iour,
 cheerful praise; Heaven is bright and near. Mer-cy is rich, &c.
 hour I'll sing, Je - sus has died for me. Mer-cy is rich, &c.

died for me; Help me to sing, Je - sus, my King! Oh, help me to sing of thee.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

118

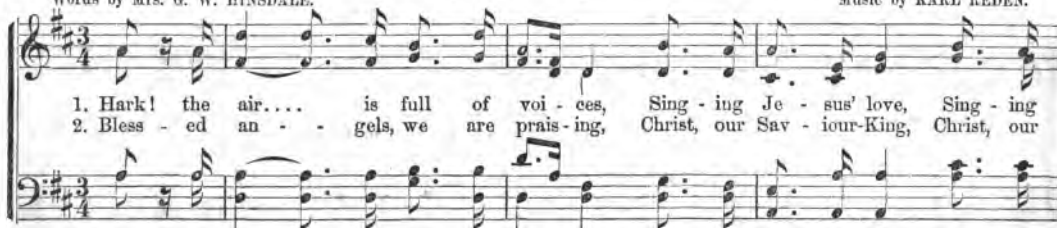
168

THE TWO SONGS.

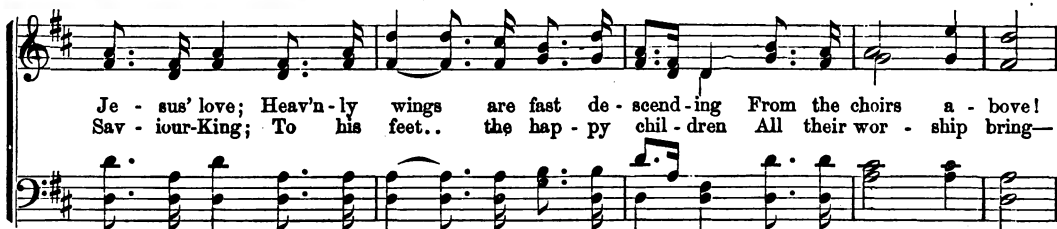
Words by Mrs. G. W. HINSDALE.

"And they sung a new song." Rev. 5: 9.

Music by KARL REDEN.

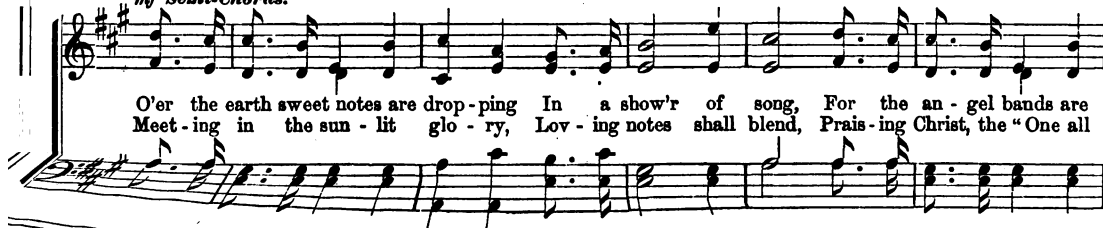


1. Hark! the air... is full of voi - ces, Sing - ing Je - sus' love, Sing - ing
2. Bless - ed an - - gels, we are prais - ing, Christ, our Sav - iour-King, Christ, our



Je - sus' love; Heav'n - ly wings are fast de - scend - ing From the choirs a - bove!
Sav - iour-King; To his feet.. the hap - py chil - dren All their wor - ship bring—

mf Semi-Chorus.



O'er the earth sweet notes are drop - ping In a show'r of song, For the an - gel bands are
Meet - ing in the sun - lit glo - ry, Lov - ing notes shall blend, Prais - ing Christ, the "One all

JOY SONGS.

THE TWO SONGS.—Concluded.

119

f Full Chorus.

gathering In a bless - ed throng! Hark! the words which they are sing - ing Are sweet
love - ly—Christ, the chil - dren's friend! Hark! the an - gels strike their harp-strings With new

hymns of praise, Are sweet hymns of praise, And they come to blend their mu - sic With the
shouts of song, With new shouts of song; Bless - ed an - gels, we'll sing loud - est, We're a

songs we raise; And they come to blend their mu - sic With the songs we raise.
blood - bought throng; Bless - ed an - gels, we'll sing loud - est, We're a blood - bought throng!

SONGS OF SALVATION.

120

169

I'LL SING OF JESUS.

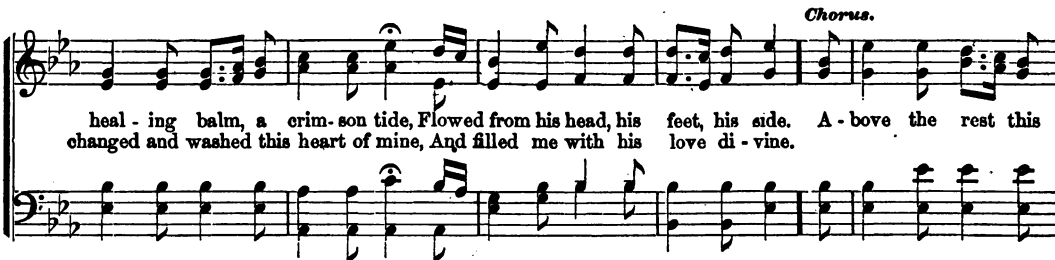
"We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God." Romans 5:2.

Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. I'll sing of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, The Lamb of God who bled and died; A
2. He sought me in the wil - der - ness, And found me there in deep dis - tress; He

Chorus.



heal - ing balm, a crim - son tide, Flowed from his head, his feet, his side. A - bove the rest this
changed and washed this heart of mine, And filled me with his love di - vine.



note shall swell, "My Je - sus hath done all things well!"

- 3 For what the Lord hath done for me,
For boundless grace so rich and free,
For all his mercies that are past,
I'll praise him while my life shall last.
- 4 When sorrow's waves around me roll,
His promises my mind console;
When earth and hell my soul assail,
His grace and mercy never fail.

HYMNS TO "I'LL SING OF JESUS."

121

- 5 When death shall steal upon my frame,
To damp and quench the vital flame,
I'll turn me to my Saviour's breast,
And there recline and sweetly rest.
- 6 And when we join the ransomed throng,
To chant the sweet, immortal song—
With tuneful heart and voice and tongue,
We'll roll the lofty note along:
- 7 To him who washed us in his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
Hosanna we will ever sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

170 *"I will bring the blind by a way that they know not."*
Isaiah 42 : 16.

- 1 "He leadeth me!" Oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid-scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

171 *"The Lord is the portion of my inheritance."* Ps. 16 : 5.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O love! thou bottomless abyss!
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there!
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father! thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

122

172

I'LL SING TO MY GOD.

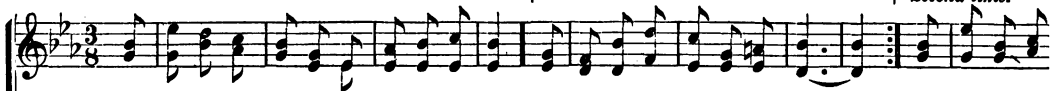
"Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms." Ps. 95 : 2.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

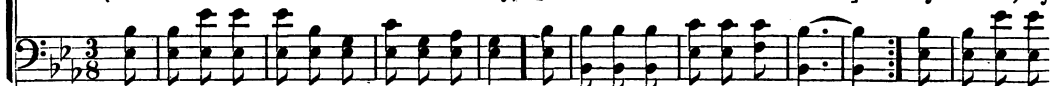
Music by T. E. PERKINS.

| First time.

| Second time.



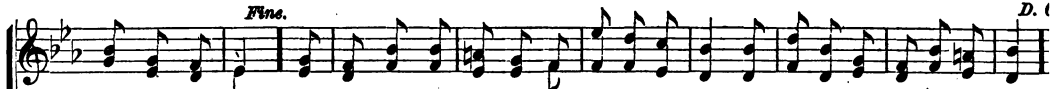
1. { I'll sing to my God at the breaking of day, A note of thanksgiving I'll sing
To him who hath chas'd all the darkness away, [Omit.....] My Father, my



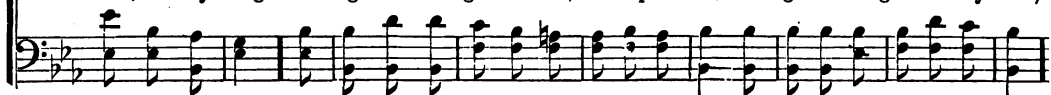
n. c. The light of thy countenance helps me to see [Omit.....] Thy wonders of

Fine.

D. C.



Friend, and my King. O bright sun of righteousness, shine up-on me, En-lighten and gladden my face ;



mer - cy and grace.

2 I'll sing to my God, in the toil of the day,
A joyful and confident song ;
And while I am singing I'll hopefully pray
For mercy to lead me along ;
I'll pray that my Saviour will stand by my side
When troubles and sorrows distress ;
I'll pray for his presence my footsteps to guide,
To comfort, to cheer, and to bless.

3 I'll sing to my God when the shadows of night
Succeed to the sunshine of day ;
For e'en in our darkness he gives me his light,
And helps me to praise and to pray.
O Father of mercy, O God of all love,
Be constantly present with me,
By day and by night thou art reigning above,
The night is no darkness to thee.

HYMNS TO "I'LL SING OF JESUS."

121

- 5 When death shall steal upon my frame,
To damp and quench the vital flame,
I'll turn me to my Saviour's breast,
And there recline and sweetly rest.
- 6 And when we join the ransomed throng,
To chant the sweet, immortal song—
With tuneful heart and voice and tongue,
We'll roll the lofty note along:
- 7 To him who washed us in his blood,
And made us kings and priests to God;
Hosanna we will ever sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.

170 "I will bring the blind by a way that they know not."
Isaiah 42 : 16.

- 1 "He leadeth me!" Oh, blessed thought,
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught,
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
- 2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me!
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.
- 3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

- 4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.
He leadeth me! He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me.

171 "The Lord is the portion of my inheritance." Ps. 16 : 5.

- 1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slay;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 O love! thou bottomless abyss!
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee,
I look into my Saviour's breast:
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear!
Mercy is all that's written there!
- 3 Though waves and storms go o'er my head,
Though strength, and health, and friends be gone,
Though joys be withered all and dead,
Though every comfort be withdrawn—
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father! thy mercy never dies.
- 4 Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh decay,
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away:
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

122

172

I'LL SING TO MY GOD.

"Let us make a joyful noise unto him with psalms." Ps. 95 : 2.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

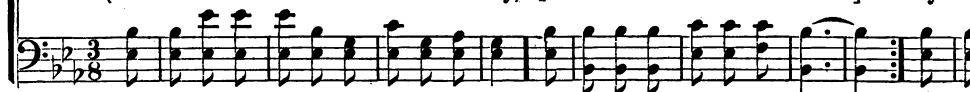
Music by T. E.

| First time.

| Second

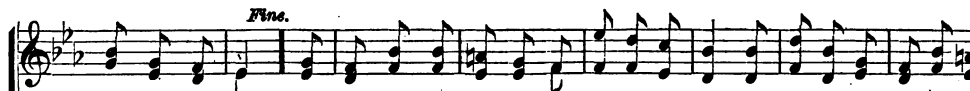


1. { I'll sing to my God at the breaking of day, A note of thanksgiving I'll sing
To him who hath chas'd all the darkness away, [Omit.....] My F

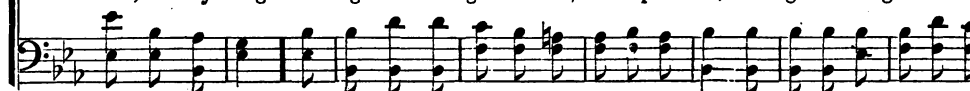


d. c. The light of thy countenance helps me to see [Omit.....] Thy wo

Fine.



Friend, and my King. O bright sun of righteousness, shine up-on me, En-lighten and gladden n



mer - cy and grace.

2 I'll sing to my God, in the toil of the day,
A joyful and confident song;
And while I am singing I'll hopefully pray
For mercy to lead me along:
I'll pray that my Saviour will stand by my side
When troubles and sorrows distress;
I'll pray for his presence my footsteps to guide,
To comfort, to cheer, and to bless.

3 I'll sing to my God when the shadows of
Succeed to the sunshine of day;
For e'en in our darkness he gives me his
And helps me to praise and to pray.
O Father of mercy, O God of all love,
Be constantly present with me,
By day and by night thou art reigning a
The night is no darkness to thee.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." Job. 38 : 7.

Words by Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. { Come, let us sing, come, let us pray, 'Tis better than re - pin - ing ; }
 { A - bove the clouds the ra - diant day Is ev - er brightly shin - ing : } Some heavenly song of love may

CHO. { We'll cheer our jour - ney, as we go, With praises gladly ring - ing, }
 { And ban - ish all our care and woe With joyful voice of sing - ing. }

roll A - way the gloom of sad - ness, And joy break in up - on the soul, Refreshing it with gladness.

2 The Christian heart should always sing
 In joy, nor pine in sorrow ;
 Our Jesus suffered, he can bring
 A bright and happy morrow.
 Then let us sing our cares away,
 Let prayer with praise be blended,
 Though tears may fall, we'll sing and pray
 Till tears and prayers are ended.

3 Our songs and prayers a golden chain
 Should reach from earth to heaven,
 Where our celestial holy strain
 To ransomed souls is given.
 When anchored in that sea of love,
 Bright with immortal pleasure,
 We'll sing with angel-harps above
 Salvation's sweetest measure.

124

174

JOY AMONG THE ANGELS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"There is joy in heaven over one sinner." Luke. 15 : 7.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. There is joy among the an-gels, That fill the courts a - bove, O'er a wand'ring soul re-turn-ing To
 2. There is joy among the an-gels, They tune their harps in heaven, When the new-born soul, with rapture Can

CHO. There is joy, &c.

Fine.
 ask a Fa-ther's love. When the heart is bowed beneath the cross, And tears re-pent-ant fall, And the
 feel its sins for-given; And the healing stream of pard'ning grace Has washed its guilt a-way, And the

D. C. Chorus.
 earn-est prayer of faith can say, "Here, Lord, I give thee all."
 eye looks up with-out a tear, And hails the ope-ning day.

3.

There is joy among the angels,
 The shining portals ring,
 When a band of happy children
 Their hearts to Jesus bring;
 Like the tender breath of early flowers
 Their grateful songs shall rise,
 Till the answering note from ransom'd choirs
 With heavenly joy replies.

"Unto God my exceeding joy." Ps. 43: 4.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



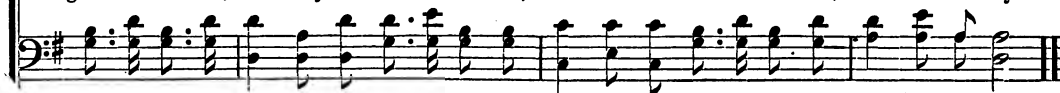
1. Joy! for God hath led me; Joy! for he hath fed me; Joy! for he hath sped me. On my way. Still may his



CHORUS. Praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! Trust him! hal-le-lu-jah! Love him! hal-le-lu-jah! God, my joy!



grace de-fend me, Still may his love at-tend me, Still to his care commend me, Un - to the day.



2.

Praise! for he hath sought me;
Praise! for he hath taught me;
Praise the love that brought me
To the light!

His mercy still abounding,
His love my sin confounding,
His light my path surrounding,
In darkest night.

3.

Sound the grateful chorus,
Jesus watcheth o'er us,
Heaven shines bright before us,
Sing aloud!

Still bright the sun is shining,
When in the darkness pining,
Showing a silver lining
On darkest cloud.

4.

Shout! for Jesus reigneth,
Still his power maintaineth,
Still the victory gaineth,
He is king!

His mercy never failing,
His promise still prevailing,
His grace is all availing
Victory to bring!

SONGS OF SALVATION.

126

176

ST. THOMAS. S. M.



176 "The Lord will give grace and glory." Ps. 84: 11.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.
- 4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's
ground
To fairer worlds on high.

177 "Say ye to the righteous that it shall be well with him. Is. 3: 10.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell!
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In every state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye;
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when called to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise;
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the
skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when at his throne
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Though grieved at his delay.
- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
From earth and sin arise,
Join with the hosts of ransomed souls,
Made to salvation wise."

178 "They sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb." Rev. 15: 3.

- 1 AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love:
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing!
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God,—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say,—
"Ye blessed children, come;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.
- 5 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

179

RING, MERRY BELLS.

127

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"For unto us a child is born." Isaiah 9: 6.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Morn-ing star, in splendor shin-ing, Glad we hail thee on thy way; While we chant with

hap-py voi - ces, Christ the Lord is born to - day. Ring, merry bells, ring, merry bells;

Sweet-ly chime, this Christmas morn; Ring, merry bells, ring, merry bells, Christ, the Lord, is born!

2 See the desert robed in beauty,
See the rose of Sharon bloom;
While the lily of the valley
Breathes again its sweet perfume.

3 Loud hosannas hail his coming,
Festive garments crown his birth,
Trumpet tongues report the story,
Peace, good will to all the earth.

4 Son of David, Prince of glory,
Born to set thy people free;
Reign forever, King eternal,
All the world is blest in thee.

128

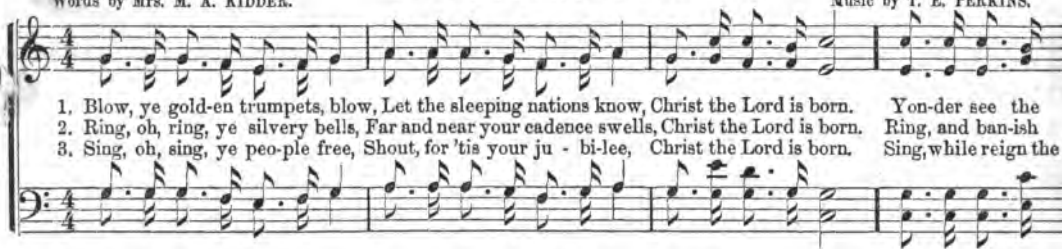
180

CHRISTMAS HALLELUJAH.

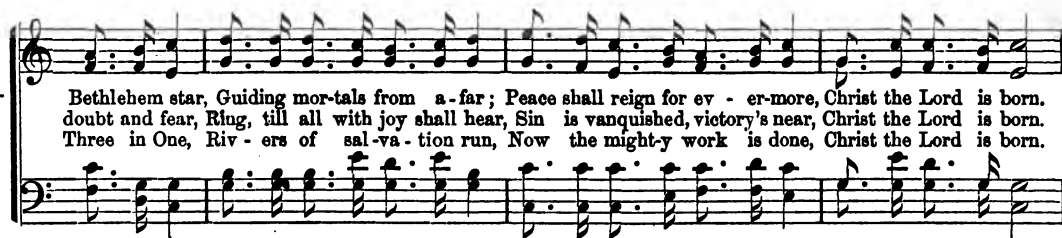
Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

"Good tidings of great joy." Luke 2: 10.

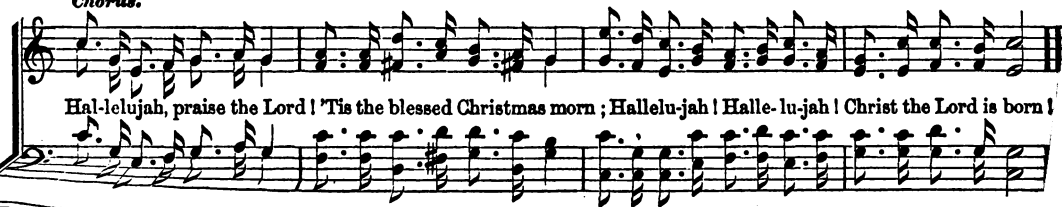
Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Blow, ye gold-en trumpets, blow, Let the sleeping nations know, Christ the Lord is born. Yon-der see the
 2. Ring, oh, ring, ye silvery bells, Far and near your cadence swells, Christ the Lord is born. Ring, and ban-ish
 3. Sing, oh, sing, ye peo-ple free, Shout, for 'tis your ju - bi-lee, Christ the Lord is born. Sing, while reign the



Bethlehem star, Guiding mor-tals from a - far; Peace shall reign for ev - er-more, Christ the Lord is born.
 doubt and fear, Ring, till all with joy shall hear, Sin is vanquished, victory's near, Christ the Lord is born.
 Three in One, Riv - ers of sal - va - tion run, Now the might-y work is done, Christ the Lord is born.

Chorus.


Hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord! 'Tis the blessed Christmas morn; Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lu-jah! Christ the Lord is born!

"A multitude of the heavenly host, praising God." Luke 2:13.

Arranged from MOZART.

1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new-born King! Peace on earth, and

mer - cy mild; God and sin - ners re - con - ciled, God and sin - ners re - con - ciled."

- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Mild he lays his glory by;
Born that man no more may die;
Born to raise the sons of earth;
Born to give them second birth.

- 4 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,
Risen with healing in his wings.
- 5 Let us then with angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!—
Peace on earth and mercy mild;
God and sinners reconciled!"

SONGS OF SALVATION.

130

182

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"A Saviour which is Christ the Lord." Luke. 2: 11.

Music by P. V.

1. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, A Sav-iour born to - day; Bear the joy - ful tid - ings, Oh, bear them
2. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, As when the an - gel throng O'er the vales of Ju - dah, A - woke the

far a - way: Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Till earth's re - mot - est bound Shall hear the mighty
heavenly song: Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Good will, and peace, and love, Glo - ry in the

Chorus.

cho - rus, And ech - o back the sound. Car - ol, sweetly car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day;
high - est To God who reigns a - bove. Car - ol, car - ol, car - ol,
car - ol, car - ol, Car - ol sweetly to - day;

FESTIVAL SONGS.

CAROL, SWEETLY CAROL.—Concluded.

131



Bear the joy-ful tid-ings, Oh, bear them far a-way.

3.

Carol, sweetly carol,
The happy Christmas time;
Hark! the bells are pealing
Their merry, merry chime;
Carol, sweetly carol,
Ye shining ones above,
Sing in loudest numbers,
Oh, sing redeeming love.

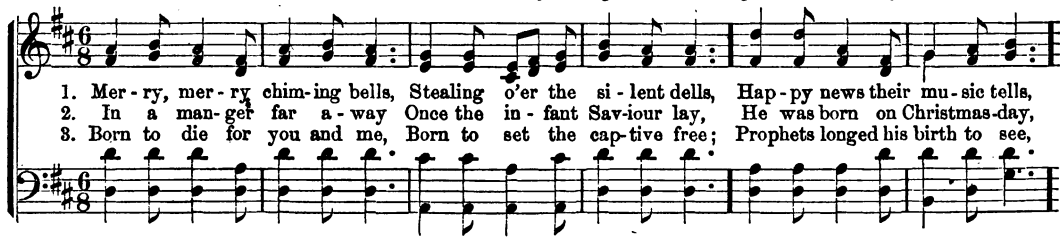
183

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"He shall be called the Son of the Highest." Luke 1: 32.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Mer-ry, mer-ry chim-ing bells, Stealing o'er the si-lent dells, Hap-py news their mu-sic tells,
2. In a man-gel far a-way Once the in-fant Sav-iour lay, He was born on Christmas-day,
3. Born to die for you and me, Born to set the cap-tive free; Prophets longed his birth to see,



Glo-ry in the high-est, Glo-ry in the high-est.

4 With the bells that sweetly chime,
Soon shall every heathen clime,
Hail the happy Christmas time,
Glory in the highest.

5 Let the joyful echo fly,
Angels sing and earth reply,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory in the highest.

132

184

WAKE, AND SING.

"Peace, good will toward men." Luke 2: 14.

1. Stars all bright are beam - ing From the skies a - bove, Na - ture's face all gleam - ing,

Chorus.

Shines with heaven's own love. Wake, and sing, good Christians, On this Birth-day morn, Heaven and earth are

tell - ing, Christ for man is born.

2 Here for us abiding,
Cradled in a stall,
All his glory hiding,
See the Lord of all!

3 Born that he might lead us
From this desert home,—
Guide our way, and feed us
Till the end shall come!

4 Thousand, thousand blessings
Sing we for his love,
Choral hymns addressing
To our Lord above.

5 Glory in the highest,
For this wondrous birth
Choir of heaven! thou cri-
Peace to all the earth.

185

STAR, BEAUTIFUL STAR.

133

Words by R. W. RAYMOND.

"When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding joy." Matt. 2:10.

Music by FRED. SCHILLING.

Solo.

1. There's a beau-ti - ful star, a beau-ti - ful star, The wea - ry travellers have fol - lowed far,

Chorus.

Shin-ing so bright-ly all the way, Till it stood o'er the place where the young child lay. Star, star,

beau-ti - ful star! Pil - grims wea-ry we are; To Je - sus, to Je - sus, We follow thee from a - far.

2 In the land of the East, in the shadows of night,
We saw the glory of thy new light,
Telling us, in our distant home,
The King-Redeemer to earth had come!

3 We have gold for tribute and gifts for prayer,
Incense and myrrh, and spices rare:
All that we have, we hither bring,
To lay it with joy at the feet of the King.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

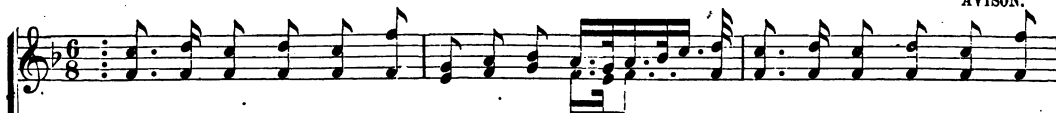
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186

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.

"The Prince of Peace." Isaiah 9:6.

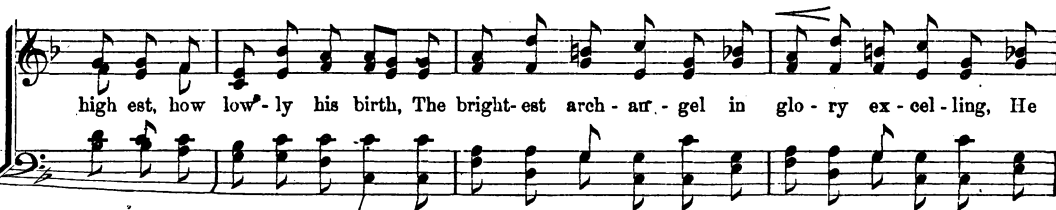
AVISON.



Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult - ing - ly sing..... Je - ru - sa - lem tri - umphs, Mes -



si - ah is King! 1. Zi - on the mar - vel - ous sto - ry be tell - ing, The Son of the



high est, how low - ly his birth, The bright - est arch - an - gel in glo - ry ex - cel - ling, He

SHOUT THE GLAD TIDINGS.—*Concluded.*

135

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff begins with a forte (f) dynamic and a piano (p) dynamic. The bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult-ing-ly sing,..... Je-". The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The treble staff includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The lyrics are: "ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King."

f *p*

stoops to redeem thee, he reigns up - on earth. Shout the glad tid - ings, ex - ult-ing-ly sing,..... Je-

1st & 2d time. 3d time.

ru - sa - lem triumphs, Mes - si - ah is King, King, Mes - si - ah is King, Mes - si - ah is King.

- 2 Tell how he cometh from nation to nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are crowned.
- 3 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise:
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing;
One chorus resound through the earth and the skies.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

136

187

THE BETHLEHEM STAR.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"We have seen his star in the east." Matt. 2 : 2.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. A beau - ti - ful Star of pur est light On Beth-lehem rose di - vine - ly bright, And

o - ver the In - fant Sav - iour smiled, While an - gels blessed the ho - ly Child.

Chorus. Shin-ing still, shin-ing still, beau-ti-ful Beth-le-hem Morn-ing Star, Morn-ing Star.

1st time. *2d time.*

Shining still, shining still,

2 That wonderful Star, whose beams of old
The prophets in their song foretold—
That wonderful Star that came to earth,
Bright herald of the Saviour's birth.

3 Oh, children of God, with rapture sing
Hosanna to our Saviour King;
And joyfully twine our garlands gay,
Meet emblems for the Christmas-day.

FESTIVAL SONGS.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness." Ps. 65: 11.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

Chorus.

1. { Thro' an - oth - er year of bless - ing, By our Father's love we're spared; }
 Glad we come, our thanks ex - press - ing For the mer - cies we have shared. } Sing the love of God our
 2. { Year of grace and mer - cy flow - ing From our Fa - ther's throne a - bove; }
 All his won - drous goodness show - ing, Still he crowns us with his love. }

Fa - ther, While we meet to praise and pray: While his children glad - ly gath - er On this hap - py fes - tal

day; Leave us not, O God, but rath - er Kindly help us on our way.

3 Year of bounty, year of gladness,
 Year of promise, happy year,
 God has kept us free from sadness—
 God has shown his presence here.

4 God in love and kindness sees us,—
 Keeps us safe from harm and fear:
 Father, draw us near to Jesus,—
 Make us thine this coming Year.

138

189

SONGS OF SALVATION

OUR EASTER TRIUMPH.

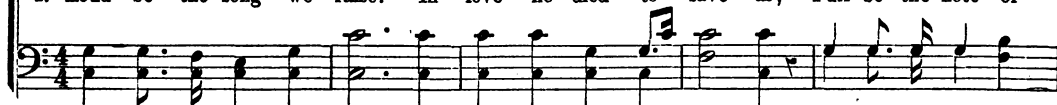
Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"Because I live ye shall live also." John. 14: 9.

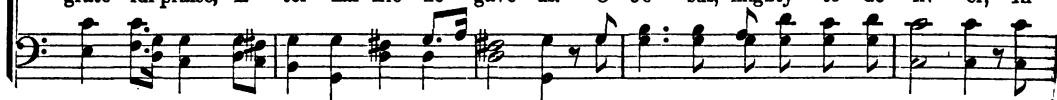
Arr. from AUBER, by Prof. OTTO FOX.



1. Bright shines the gold - en sun! Bright breaks the glo - rious morn - ing: Je - sus the Lord hath
 2. Loud be the song we raise! In love he died to save us; Full be the note of



vic - t'ry won, The pow'rs of dark - ness scorn - ing. O day of ho - ly ex - ult - a - tion, For
 grate - ful praise, E - ter - nal life he gave us. O Je - sus, mighty to de - liv - er, In



Christ hath purchased our sal - va - tion. Glad day of ho - ly joy! For he hath burst his
 thee thy chil - dren live for ev - er. Praise to the Lord of love! Ring out the wondrous



FESTIVAL SONGS.

OUR EASTER TRIUMPH.—*Concluded.*

139

prish - on: Rich be the songs our hearts em - ploy, Our conquering Lord hath ris - en!
sto - ry! Praise! for he reign - eth now a - bove; O! praise the king of glo - ry!

3 Joy! for the Saviour lives!
The power of death is broken:
Joy! for the life his vict'ry gives,
The peace his word hath spoken.
O Jesus, over death victorious!

O Victor! reigning ever glorious!
Joy! for with him we reign,
His love shall fail us never!
Joy! for in him our crown we gain,
The crown we wear for ever!

190

DUKE STREET. L. M.

"Christ sitteth on the right hand of God." Col. 3: 1.

1 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high;
The powers of hell are captive led
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

2 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly
gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

3 Loose all your bars of golden light,
And wide unfold the heavenly scene:
He claims these mansions as his right;
Receive the King of Glory in.

4 "Who is the King of Glory—who?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'er-
threw;
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

5 Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay—
Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

6 "Who is the King of Glory—who?"
The Lord of boundless power pos-
sessed,
The King of saints and angels too,
God ever all, for ever blest.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

140

191

CHRIST IS RISEN.

"Now is Christ risen from the dead." 1 Cor. 15: 20.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Christ is ris - en from the dead, Christ, our ev - er - liv - ing Head; Now he lives who once was slain,
2. Christ hath triumphed o'er the grave, Christ hath shown his pow'r to save; Cru - el death and bit - ter strife:

CHORUS: Might-y Vic - tor, strong to save, Thou hast conquer'd o'er the grave, Death hath lost its pow'r and sting;

Fine.
Lives, for ev - er - more to reign. Ris - en Sun of Righteousness, Risen to save, to cheer, to bless;
Christ hath pur-chased end-less life. Now our faith is not in vain; Je - sus Christ hath risen a - gain;

Praise to our vic - to - rious King.

D. C.
Bless - ed Saviour, liv - ing Lord, Ev - er be thy name a - dored.
Vic-tory thro' our conquer'ing Lord, To his Father's throne re - stored.

3.

Bright our hope beyond the tomb,
Gone, the darkness, gone, the gloom,
Gone, the dreadful fear of death,
We may sing with latest breath;
Sown in weakness, raised in power,
For the resurrection hour;
Glory, glory, let us sing,
Glory to our risen King.

FESTIVAL SONGS.

HYMNS TO "CHRIST IS RISEN."

141

192 "The Lord of Hosts, he is the KING OF GLORY."
Psalms. 24 : 10.

- 1 "WIDE, ye heavenly gates, unfold,
Closed no more by death and sin;
Now the conquering Lord behold,
Let the King of glory in."
Hark, th' angelic hosts inquire,
"Who is he, th' almighty King?"
Hark again, the answering choir
Thus in strains of triumph sing :—
- 2 "He whose powerful arm, alone,
On his foes destruction hurled;
He who hath the victory won;
He who saved a ruined world;
He who God's pure law fulfilled,
Jesus, the Incarnate Word;
He whose truth with blood was sealed—
He is heaven's all-glorious Lord.
- 3 "Who shall to this blest abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?"
"They who in his cleansing blood,
Wash away each guilty stain;
They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith, and holy fear,
Fervent zeal, and grateful love,
They shall dwell for ever here."

193 "The angel of the Lord came and rolled back the stone
from the door." Matt. 28 : 2.

- 1 ANGELS! roll the rock away;
Death! yield up thy mighty prey;
See! the Saviour leaves the tomb,
Glowing with immortal bloom.
Hark! the wondering angels raise
Louder notes of joyful praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Echo with the blissful sound.

2 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
See him high in glory rise!
Hosts of angels, on the road,
Hail him—the incarnate God.
Heaven unfolds its portals wide,
See the Conqueror through them ride!
King of glory! mount thy throne—
Boundless empire is thine own.

- 3 Praise him, ye celestial choirs!
Tune, and sweep your golden lyres;
Raise, O earth! your noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.
Every note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown, and captive hell!
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Where thy terrors, vanquished king!

194 "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which
are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of
God." Col. 3 : 1.

- 1 CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.
Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:
Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath opened Paradise.
Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

142

LESSON EXERCISE ON THE LIFE OF JESUS.

The following exercise embraces some of the principal points of interest in the life of our Saviour, and may be used with profit in any school. It can be used so as to occupy half an hour, or a whole session, as may be desirable; or for a concert or anniversary exercise.

To conduct this exercise with interest, the Scripture passages may be read by the superintendent or teacher, or by some of the scholars, or by the whole school. Or the passages may be portioned out, one or more to each class.

God the Father gave Jesus.

"God so loved the world," etc. John 3: 16.

195

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

LOVING JESUS.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

Semi-Chorus.

God in boundless mer-cy gave Christ his Son, our souls to save; Praise his love who kind-ly gave us

The image shows the musical notation for the Semi-Chorus of the song 'Loving Jesus'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

Full Chorus.

Christ, from sin and death to save us. Lov-ing Je-sus, blessed Lord, Ev-er be thy name a-dored.

The image shows the musical notation for the Full Chorus of the song 'Loving Jesus'. It consists of two staves, a treble staff and a bass staff, both in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staves.

LESSON EXERCISE.—Concluded.

143

Jesus Presented in the Temple with Simeon.

The promise of the coming Saviour.
Luke 1: 73, 74.

The glory of the reign of the Saviour.
Luke 1: 32.

Light to lighten the Gentiles. Luke 2: 32.
Full salvation in Jesus. Luke 2: 30.

Jesus on our fallen race
Like the brightness of his face.

S. Cho. Jesus brings complete salvation
Unto every tribe and nation.

Jesus, the Model Boy, in the Temple.

Jesus grew in grace. Luke 2: 52.
He was found in the temple. Luke 2: 46.

About his Father's business. Luke 2: 49.
Jesus Christ, while yet a boy,

Did his Father's work with joy.
S. Cho. God in heaven knows and sees us;

Help us, Lord, to grow like Jesus.

Jesus Baptized by John.

The baptism. Matthew 3: 13.
The voice from heaven. Matthew 3: 17.

Jesus Christ, by John baptized,
By the Father recognized.

S. Cho. Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Testify of Jesus' merit.

Jesus Tempted.

Jesus led into the wilderness. Matt. 4: 1-4.
Jesus victorious over the tempter. Matt. 4: 10, 11.

In the dark and trying hour,
Jesus felt the tempter's power.

S. Cho. He was tempted, yet victorious,
Our High Priest, for ever glorious.

Jesus Cleansing the Temple.

God's house should be pure. John 2: 16.

Our bodies the temples* of the Holy Ghost. 1 Cor. 3: 16, 17.

Gladness in going to the house of God.
Psalm 122: 1.

Jesus, human and divine,
Cleanse my heart and make me thine.

S. Cho. In thy house with joy appearing,
Gladly all thy Gospel hearing.

Wonderful Works of Jesus.

John sent his disciples to Jesus. Luke 7: 19.

Jesus showed them his miracles. Luke 7: 21, 22.

ALL diseases he can cure,
Gives his Gospel to the poor;

S. Cho. From our sins and fears he frees us,
Mighty Saviour, loving Jesus.

Jesus, the Wonderful Teacher.

"Never man spake like this man."
John 7: 46.

"As one having authority." Matt. 7: 29.
Full of grace and love. Luke 4: 22.

Jesus, Teacher from above,
Wonderful and full of love;

S. Cho. All thy blessed word receiving,
Gladly, fully thee believing.

Jesus, the Great Saviour.

Salvation to the lost sinner. Luke 19: 9.
Came to seek and save the lost. Luke 19: 10.

Thou canst make the sinner whole;
Jesus, cleanse and save my soul.

S. Cho. Jesus saves from condemnation,
Praise him for his free salvation.

Jesus, the Divine Messiah.

One with the Father. John 14: 9, 10.
The way, the truth, the life. John 14: 6.

Access to the Father through him. Eph. 2: 18.

Father, Son, and Spirit, one God. 1 John 1: 7.

Christ, the life, the truth, the way,
Help me come to thee to-day.

S. Cho. Access to the Father giving,
Through his life forever living.

Jesus in Gethsemane.

The agony in the Garden. Luke 22: 42, 44.
The disciples forsook Jesus. Mark 14: 50.

Jesus' resignation to his Father's will.
Mark 14: 36.

To the Father prayed the Son,
Not my will, but thine, be done.

S. Cho. Jesus, keep me ever by thee,
Help me never to deny thee.

Jesus Crucified.

"And they crucified him." Matt. 27: 35.
On the accursed cross. Gal. 3: 13.

Redemption through his blood. Col. 1: 14.

Nailed upon th' accursed tree,
Jesus gives his life for me.

S. Cho. Tell abroad the wondrous story,
How he died, the Lord of glory.

Jesus, the Risen and Glorified Redeemer.

He rose from the grave. John 20: 16, 17.
He ascended into heaven. Acts 1: 9-11.

He is the mighty Conqueror. 1 Cor. 15: 57, 59.

He is the eternal King of glory. 1 Tim. 1: 17.

He is the all-powerful Mediator. Heb. 7: 25.

He is the coming Judge. Acts 17: 31.

Jesus, ever-living Lord,
To the Father's throne restored;

S. Cho. Victor, mighty to deliver,
King of glory, reigning ever.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

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AMERICA. 6, 4.

"The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God." Ps. 62 : 7.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing : Land where my

fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride, From ev - ery mount-ain side Let free-dom ring.

2 My native country, thee—
Land of the noble, free—
Thy name I love ;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song ;
Let mortal tongues awake ;
Let all that breathe partake ;
Let rocks their silence break—
The song prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing ;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

S. F. SMITH.

197

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge." Ps. 57 : 1.

1 God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night ;
*When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave,*

Do thou our country save
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies :

On him we wait ;
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the state !—

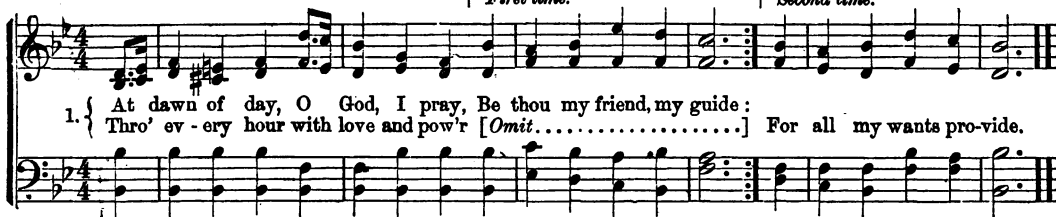
FESTIVAL SONGS.

"My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord." Ps. 5:3.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

| First time.

| Second time.



1. { At dawn of day, O God, I pray, Be thou my friend, my guide:
Thro' ev - ery hour with love and pow'r [Omit.....] For all my wants pro-vide.

- 2 Secure I slept, by mercy kept,
And grateful now I rise;
Thou sendest light and sunshine bright
To cheer my waking eyes.
- 3 Shine in my heart, bid sin depart;
O God of wondrous grace!
On all my way throughout the day
Lift up thy blessed face.
- 4 And when at last death's sleep is past;
On resurrection day
Bid me awake;—to glory take,
Through Christ, my strength, I pray.

199 "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee." Ps.
5:3.

- 1 THE morning bright, with rosy light,
Has waked me from my sleep;
Father, I own, thy love alone
Thy little one doth keep.
- 2 All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide;

My sins forgive, and let me live,
Blest Jesus, near thy side.

- 3 Oh, make thy rest within my breast,
Great Spirit of all grace:
Make me like thee;—then shall I be
Prepared to see thy face.

Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

200 "I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou,
Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." Ps. 4:8.

- 1 THE daylight fades; the evening shades
Are gathering round my head:
Father above, I praise that love
Which smooths and guards my bed.
- 2 While thou art near I need not fear
The gloom of midnight hour:
Blest Jesus, still from every ill
Defend me with thy power.
- 3 Pardon my sin, and enter in
And sanctify my heart:
Spirit divine, oh, make me thine,
And ne'er from me depart.

Rev. T. O. SUMMERS, D.D.

OUR OWN DEAR HOME.

"As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." Joshua 24:15.

A. A. GRALEY. From "Happy Voice"

1. Home, dear home, we nev-er can for-get; Friends, dear friends, we often there have met; Press'd by care,
2. Lured by gain we seek a for-eign shore, Worn and wea-ry heap the gold-en ore; Still our yearn

Chorus.

pierced by grief, Home has af-ford-ed us a sweet re-lief. { Ten-der mem-o-ries round thee t
hearts de-mand Rest in the homestead in our na-tive land. } O-ver land and sea we may re

1st. 2d.

Like the i-yy green round the pine; Still will we cher-ish thee, our own dear h

3 Painted pleasure holds the flowing bowl;
Mirth and music lure the careless soul;
But with us at home, you'll find
Home joys that never leave a sting behind.

4 Firmly bound by silver chains of love
Here are foretastes of the home above
Thou, from whom all blessings come,
Help us to praise thee for a Christian

Words from the German.

"At evening time it shall be light." Zech. 14: 7.

Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

1. Eve-ning is fall-ing to sleep in the west, Lull-ing the gold-en-bright meadows to rest;

Twin-kle like diamonds the stars in the skies, Greet-ing the two lit-tle slum-ber-ing eyes.

Chorus.

Sweet-ly sleep; Je-sus doth keep; And Je-sus will give his be-lov-ed ones sleep.

2 Now all the flowers have gone to repose,
All the sweet perfume-cups gracefully close;
Blossoms rocked lightly on evening's mild breeze,
Drowsily, dreamily, swinging the trees.

3 Sleep till the flowers shall open once more;
Sleep till the lark in the morning shall soar;
Sleep till the golden sun, lighting the skies,
Bids thee from sweet repose joyfully rise.

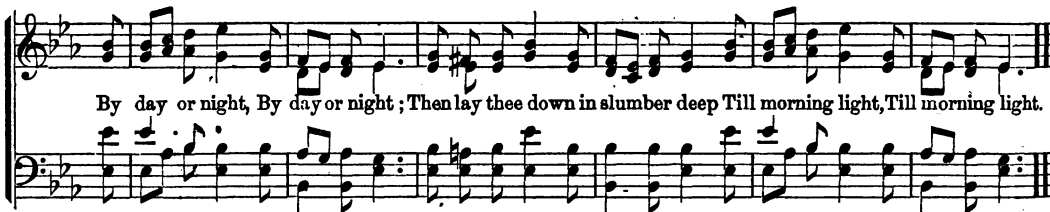
CRADLE SONG.

"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe." Prov. 29 : 25.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. O little child ! lie still and sleep ; Jesus is near Thou need'st not fear ; No one need fear whom God doth keep



By day or night, By day or night ; Then lay thee down in slumber deep Till morning light, Till morning light.

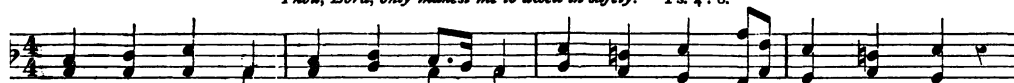
2.
O little child ! be still and rest ;
He sweetly sleeps
Whom Jesus keeps,
And in the morning wake, so blest,
His child to be ;
Love every one, but love him best,
He first loved thee.

3.
*O little child ! when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say, "Amen"*

To God's command, and quiet lie
In his kind hand,
Till he shall say, "Dear child, come, fly
To heaven's bright land."

4.
Then, when thy work on earth is done,
Thou shalt ascend
To meet thy Friend ;
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at his side ;
And thou shalt live before the throne
Because he died.

"Thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety." Ps. 4: 8.



1. Through the day thy love hath spared us, Wea-ried we lay down to rest;
2. Pil-grims here on earth and stran-gers, Dwell-ing in the midst of foes;



Through the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our... peace mo-lest.
Us and ours pre-serve from dan-gers, In thine arms may... we re- pose;



Sav-iour, thou our Guard-ian be, Sweet it is to trust in thee.
And when life's short day is past, Rest with thee in heaven at last.



150

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LOVE AT HOME.

"Learn first to show piety at home." 1 Tim. 5: 4.

Words and Music by J. H. McNAUGHTON, by permission.



1. There is beau-ty all around, When there's love at home; There is joy in every sound, When there's love at
 2. In the cot-tage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and en-vy ne'er annoy, When there's love at



home. Peace and plen-ty here a-bide, Smiling sweet on ev-ery side, Time doth softly, sweetly glide,
 home. Ros-es blos-som 'neath our feet, All the earth's a gar-den sweet, Mak-ing life a bliss complete,



When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home, Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
 When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home, Making life a bliss complete, When there's love at home.



LOVE AT HOME.—Concluded.

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8 Kindly heaven smiles above,
 When there's love at home;
 All the earth is filled with love,
 When there's love at home.
 Sweeter sings the brooklet by,
 Brighter beams the azure sky,
 Oh, there's One who smiles on high
 When there's love at home.

4 Jesus, make me wholly thine,
 Then there's love at home;
 May thy sacrifice be mine,
 Then there's love at home.
 Safely from all harm I'll rest,
 With no sinful care distressed,
 Through thy tender mercy blessed
 With thy love at home.

206

HOME.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another." Rom. 12: 10.

By permission of MASON BROS.

1. Home, home! how endear-ing! Home! shrined in my breast! Home! ev-er so cheer-ing, Still in thy
 2. Home! happiest of pla-ces! Home! thee I de-sire! Home! kind are the fa-ces Meeting a-

bosom I'd rest. Home! home! sweet home! Still in thy bosom I'd rest.
 round by the fire! Home! home! sweet home! Ever my home I de-sire!

8.

Home! to thee united!
 Home! for thee I burn!
 Home! with thee delighted,
 Back to thy joys I'd return.
 Home! home! sweet home!
 Back to thy joys I'd return.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

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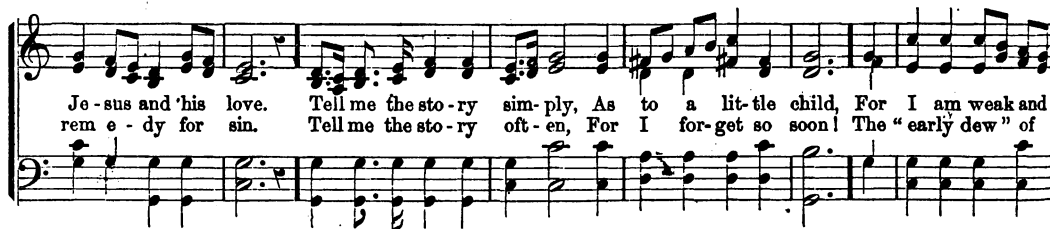
THE OLD, OLD STORY.

"He gave his only-begotten Son." John 3: 16.

W. H. DOANE



1. Tell me the old, old sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of
2. Tell me the sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That won - der - ful re - demp - tion God's



Je - sus and his love. Tell me the sto - ry sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and
rem e - dy for sin. Tell me the sto - ry oft - en, For I for - get so soon! The "early dew" of

Refrain.



wea - ry, And help - less and de - filed. Tell me the old, old sto - ry, Tell me the old, old sto - ry,
morn - ing Has passed a - way at noon.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.—*Concluded.*

153



Tell me the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

3.
Tell me the story softly,
With earnest tones, and grave;
Remember! I'm the sinner
Whom Jesus came to save.
Tell me that story always,
If you would really be,
In any time of trouble,
A comforter to me.

4.
Tell me the same old story,
When you have cause to fear
That this world's empty glory
Is costing me too dear.
Yes, and when that world's glory
Is dawning on my soul,
Tell me the old, old story,
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

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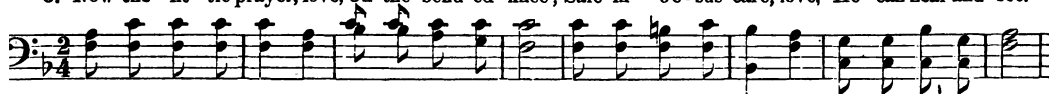
DARLING, GO TO REST.

"The darkness hideth not from thee." Ps. 139: 12.

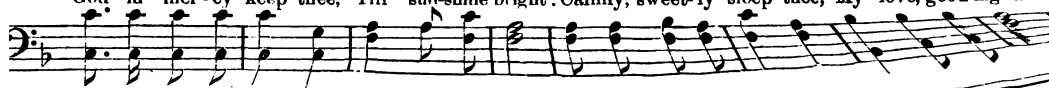
Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. Evening shades are fall - ing: Time to go to rest; Stars are soft - ly call - ing Dar - ling to her nest.
2. Time to go to bed, love; Lay thee down to sleep: Wea - ry lit - tle head, love, God will safe - ly keep.
3. Now the lit - tle prayer, love, On the bend - ed knee; Safe in Je - sus' care, love, He can hear and see.



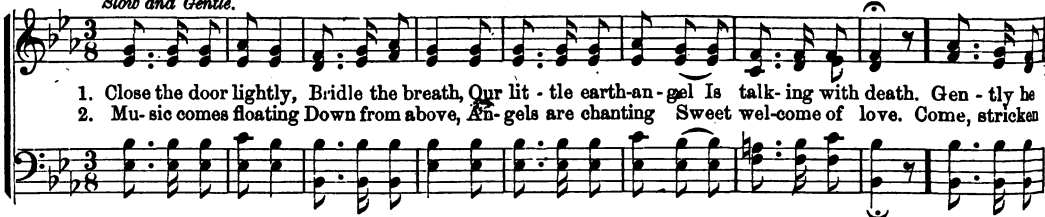
Sweet the sleep be - fore thee Till morn - ing light; God in heaven watch o'er thee, My love, good - night.
Now the lit - tle kiss, love, Arms clasp so tight; Pleasant dreams of bliss, love; My love, good - night.
God in mer - cy keep thee, Till sun - shine bright: Calmly, sweet - ly sleep thee, My love, good - night.



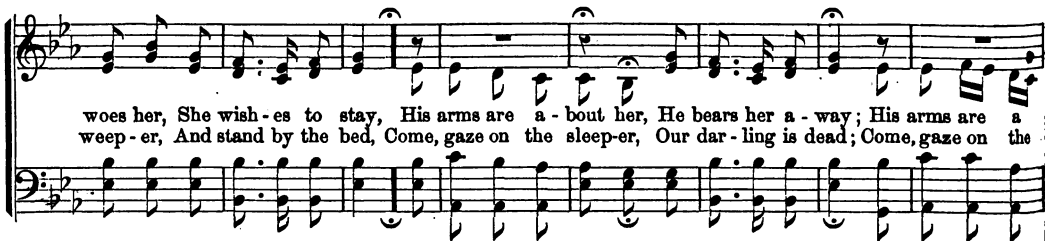
CLOSE THE DOOR LIGHTLY.

"Is it well with the child? . . . It is well." 2 Kings 4 : 26.

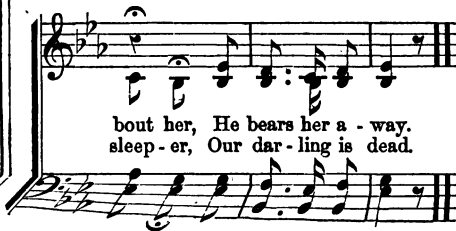
WM. B. BRADBURY, 1853.

Slow and Gentle.


1. Close the door lightly, Bridle the breath, Our lit - tle earth-an - gel Is talk - ing with death. Gen - tly he
2. Mu - sic comes floating Down from above, An - gels are chanting Sweet wel - come of love. Come, stricken



woes her, She wish - es to stay, His arms are a - bout her, He bears her a - way; His arms are a
weep - er, And stand by the bed, Come, gaze on the sleep - er, Our dar - ling is dead; Come, gaze on the



bout her, He bears her a - way.
sleep - er, Our dar - ling is dead.

3.

Smooth out the ringlets, —
Close the blue eye;
No wonder such beauty
Was claimed in the sky; —
Cross the hands gently.
Upon the white breast,
So like a mild spirit
Strayed from the blest.

4.

Bear her out softly
To her last rest,
Safe with her Saviour,
Darling is blest.
Jesus hath called her,
Pure, undefiled:
Take comfort, sad weeper,
"Tis well with the child."

"That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Eph. 3:17.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Slow, with Feeling.

Music by W. H. DOANE. Written expressly for "Howard Mission."

1. More like Je - sus would I be, Let my Sav-iour dwell with me; Fill my soul with peace and love—

d. s. Poor in spir - it would I be,

Fine. Make me gen - tle as a dove; More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be-low;

D. S. Let my Sav-iour dwell in me.

2 If he hears the raven's cry,
If his ever watchful eye
Marks the sparrows when they fall,
Surely he will hear my call.
He will teach me how to live,
All my sinful thoughts forgive;
Pure in heart I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

3 More like Jesus when I pray,
More like Jesus day by day,
May I rest me by his side,
Where the tranquil waters glide.
Born of him through grace renewed,
By his love my will subdued,
Rich in faith I still would be—
Let my Saviour dwell in me.

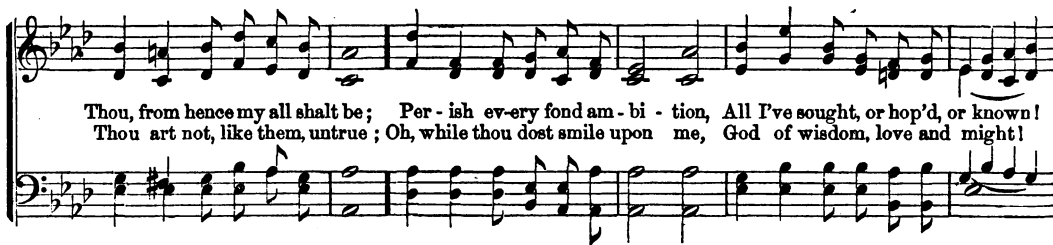
JESUS, I MY CROSS.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple." Luke 14 : 27.

T. E. PERKINS.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave, and follow thee: Naked, poor, despised, for-sak - en,
2. Let the world despise and leave me; They have left my Saviour too; Human hearts and looks deceive me,



Thou, from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev - ery fond am - bi - tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known!
Thou art not, like them, untrue; Oh, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might!



3.
Perish, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, life is gain:
Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me—
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

Words by Dr. BONAR.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more." Rev. 7 : 16.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a cit - y yet to come; On - ward to it

Chorus.
I am hastening, On to my e - ter - nal home. Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more,

Nev - er - more be sad or wea - ry, Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more, Nev - er - more to sin a - gain.

2.
In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day;
Every trace of sin's sad story—
All the curse has passed away.

3.
There the Lamb, our Shepherd, lead us
By the streams of life along;
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4.
Soon we pass this dreary desert,
Soon we bid farewell to pain,
Nevermore be sad or weary,
Nevermore to sin again.

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SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.

"Endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." 2 Tim. 2:3.

Words by Rev. H. C. COOK.

Music by JAS. M. NORTH.

1. I'm a sol-dier, sol-dier of the cross, Lit-tle sol-dier of the cross, In the ar-my of the Lord; Fierce and
 2. I'm a sol-dier, sol-dier of the cross, Lit-tle sol-dier of the cross, In the ar-my of the Lord; And the

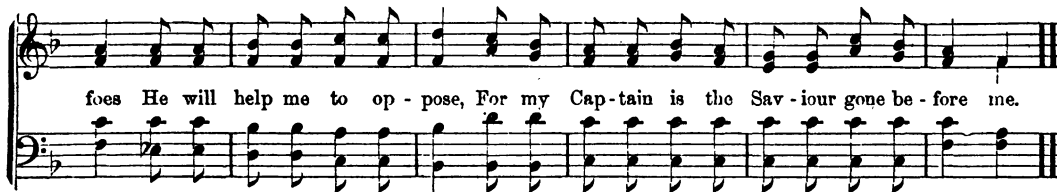
ma-ny are the foes He will help me to op-pose, For my Captain is the Saviour gone be-fore me.
 flag that floats a-bove Is the banner of his love, For my Captain is the Saviour gone be-fore me.

Chorus.

On, on, on! I am marching on! Home to glo-ry! Home to glo-ry! Fierce and ma-ny are the

SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.—*Concluded.*

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foes He will help me to op - pose, For my Cap - tain is the Sav - iour gone be - fore me.

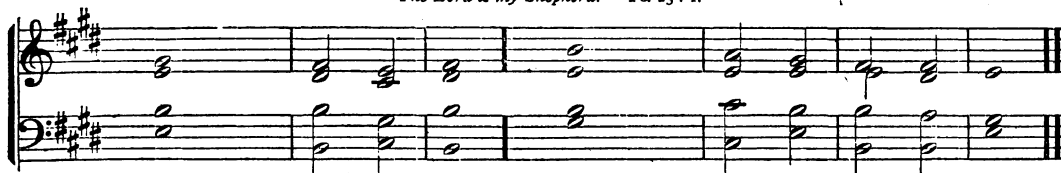
3 I'm a soldier, soldier of the cross,
Little soldier of the cross,
And I'm fighting for the crown.

Fierce enough will be the fray,
But I'm sure to gain the day,
For my Captain is the Saviour gone before me.

214

CHANT.

"The Lord is my Shepherd." Ps. 23 : 1.



- 1 THE Lord | is my | shepherd : | I shall — | not — | want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down | in green | pastures : | He leadeth me be - | side the | still — | waters.
- 3 He re - | storeth my | soul : | He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness | for his | name's — | sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will | fear no | evil : | For thou art with me ;
thy rod and thy | staff, they | comfort | me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence | of mine | enemies : | Thou anointest my head with oil ; my |
cup — | runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the | days of · my | life : | And I will dwell in the | house ·
of the / Lord for - | ever.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

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215

MY PILGRIM SONG.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

"Yet a little while." John 14: 19.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. On - ly here for a lit - tle while On the wea - ry pilgrim way; On - ly here for a lit - tle
D. S. On - ly here till my Saviour

while On the road to glorious day; On - ly here till my work is done, And I lay my burden down;
calls, And I gain my harp and crown.

2 Only here for a little while
For the praise of God my King;
Only here for a little while
Till his praise in heaven I sing:
Only here in the vale of tears
Till I learn to know and prove
All the goodness that keeps me here
For the better world above.

3 Only here for a little while,
But my Lord will come at last,
Then the toils of the "little while"
Shall be all in safety past:

Christ, my King, shall in triumph come,
And will wipe my tears away;
Christ, my Saviour, will take me home
To the land of cloudless day.

4 Only here for a little while,
'Mid the labor, grief and pain;
Only here for a little while,
But forever there to reign:
Here, to suffer, and toil, and wait,
In the cold and darksome night;
There, to enter the pearly gate
And rejoice in God's own light.

"Greater love hath no man than this." John 15:13.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

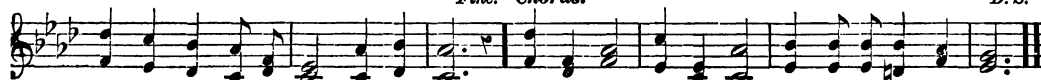


1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Nev - er to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
D. S. Oh, turn to that love, weary



Fine. Chorus.

D. S.



peace of God, He has gath - ered us all. Je - sus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free;
wand'ring soul, Je - sus plead - eth for thee.



2 There is no heart like the heart of Jesus,
Filled with a tender love;
No throb nor throe that our hearts can know,
But he feels it above.

3 There is no eye like the eye of Jesus,
Piercing so far away;
Ne'er out of the sight of its tender light
Can the wanderer stray.

4 There is no voice like the voice of Jesus,
Tender and sweet its chime,
Like musical ring of a flowing spring
In the bright summer time.

5 Oh, let us hark to the voice of Jesus;
Oh, may we never roam,
Till safe we rest on his loving breast,
In the dear heavenly home.

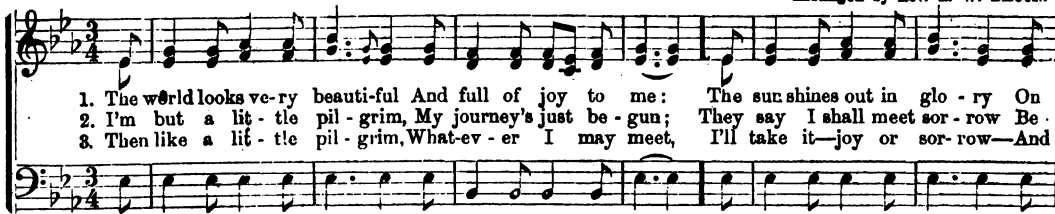
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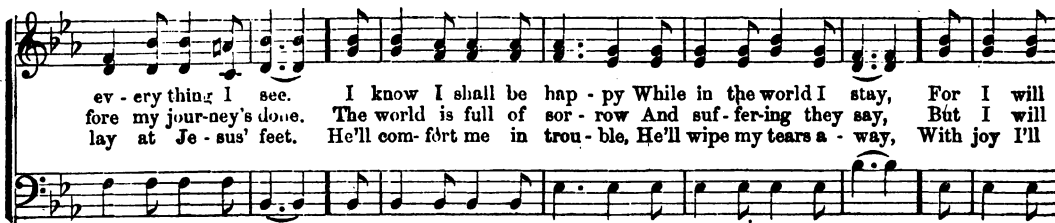
THE LITTLE PILGRIM.

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us." Heb. 12: 1.

Arranged by Rev. L. W. BACON.

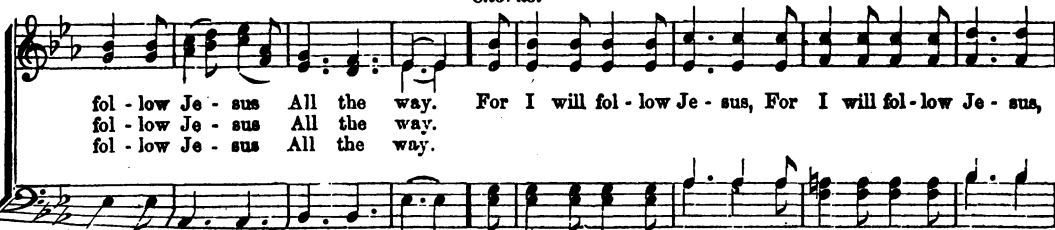


1. The world looks ve-ry beau-ti-ful And full of joy to me: The sun shines out in glo - ry On
 2. I'm but a lit - tle pil - grim, My journey's just be - gun; They say I shall meet sor - row Be -
 3. Then like a lit - tle pil - grim, What-ev - er I may meet, I'll take it—joy or sor - row—And



ev - ery thing I see. I know I shall be hap - py While in the world I stay, For I will
 fore my jour-ney's done. The world is full of sor - row And suf - fer-ing they say, But I will
 lay at Je - sus' feet. He'll com - fort me in trou - ble, He'll wipe my tears a - way, With joy I'll

Chorus.



fol - low Je - sus All the way. For I will fol - low Je - sus, For I will fol - low Je - sus,
 fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 fol - low Je - sus All the way.

THE LITTLE PILGRIM.—*Concluded.*

163



4.

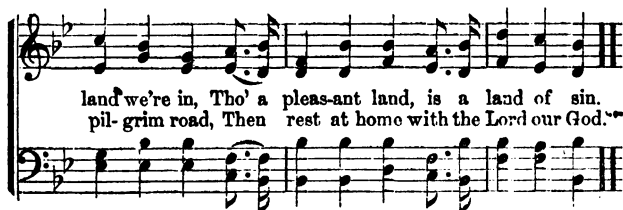
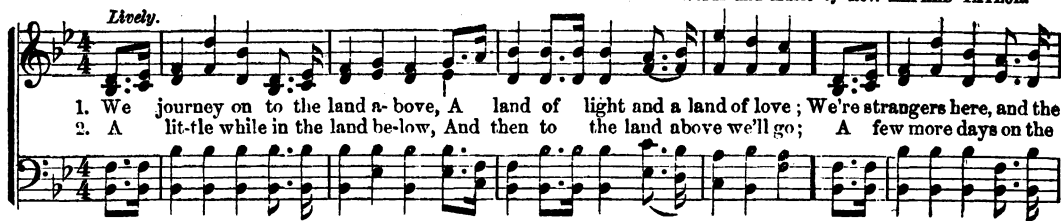
Then trials cannot vex me,
And pain I need not fear;
For when I'm close by Jesus
Grief cannot come too near.
Not even death can harm me,
When death I meet one day;
To heaven I'll follow Jesus
All the way.

218

THE LAND ABOVE.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly." Heb. 11: 16.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



3 As we pass through the land of sin below,
We must look to the land to which we go;
We must fix our eyes on our Saviour's throne,
And seek for strength in his grace alone.

4 When the journey's done, and the conflict's o'er.
Our Saviour will open the pearly door;
We will shout with joy, as we enter in,
Farewell, farewell to the land of sin!

SONGS OF SALVATION.

164

219

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"The author and finisher of our faith." Rev. 12:2.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



1. Wea-ry not, my broth-er, Cheerful be thy song; Is thy burden heav-y, And the journey long?



Does the weight oppress thee, Cast it on the Lord; Run thy race with pa-tience, Trusting in his word.

Chorus.



Looking un-to Je-sus, He has died for thee; Oh, glo-ry be to Je-sus, We'll shout salvation free.

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.—*Concluded.*

165

2 Seek, and thou shalt find him,
Still in faith believe,
Call, and he will hear thee,
Ask him, and receive :
In the darkest moment—
In the deepest night,
He will give thee comfort,
He will give thee light.

3 Trials may befall thee,
Thorns beset thy way,
Never mind them, brother,
Only watch and pray :
Through the vale of sorrow
Once the Saviour trod ;
Run thy race with patience,
Pressing on to God.

4 Labor on, my brother,
Thou shalt reap at last
Fruits of Joy eternal,
When thy work is past ;
Crowds of shining angels
View thee from the skies,
Run thy race with patience,
Yonder is the prize.

220

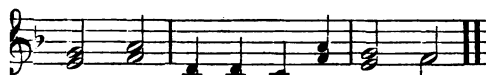
I WILL SEEK FOR JESUS.

"Abide with us," Luke 24 : 29.

Words and Music by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1. I will seek for Je - sus, Seek him with all my heart, Nev - er from him depart; Keep me, blessed



Je - sus; Keep me, bless-ed Je - sus.



2 I will think of Jesus,
Pleasure divine I find,
Gladly I'll keep my mind
Fix'd alone on Jesus.

3 I will love my Jesus,
Oh, how he loves my soul,
Makes the poor sinner whole;
Love me, blessed Saviour.

4 I will tell of Jesus,
God in his mercy gave
Jesus, my soul to save;
Tell the world of Jesus.

5 I will live with Jesus;
Jesus, draw nigh to me,
Help me thy love to see;
Make me live, dear Jesus!

166

221

SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US

"Our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep." Heb. 13: 20.

1. Saviour, like a shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tenderest care; In thy plea-sant pastures feed
d. s. Blessed Je - sus, Blessed Je -

Fine.

For our use thy folds pre-pare. Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2.

We are thine; do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray.
Blessed Jesus,
Hear young children when they pray.

3.

Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill.
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

222 HYMN TO "SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD."

167

"Those that seek me early shall find me." Prov. 8: 17.

- 1 God has said, "Forever blessed
Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wisdom,
And the narrow way of truth:"
Guide us, Saviour,
In the narrow way of truth.
- 2 Be our strength, for we are weakness;
Be our wisdom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness,

- Nearer to our Saviour's side:
Naught can harm us,
While we're near our Saviour's side.
- 3 Thus, when evening shades shall gather,
We may turn our tearless eye
To the dwelling of our Father,
To our home beyond the sky,—
Gently passing
To our home beyond the sky,

223

THE BETTER COUNTRY.

"He that overcometh shall be clothed in white raiment." Rev. 3: 5.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



- 1 I'm a little pilgrim
And a stranger here;
Though this world is pleasant,
Sin is always near.
- 2 Mine's a better country,
Where there is no sin;
Where the tones of sorrow
Never enter in.

- 3 But a little pilgrim
Must have garments clean,
If he'd wear the white robes,
And with Christ be seen.
- 4 Jesus, cleanse and save me,
Teach me to obey;
Holy Spirit, guide me
On my heavenly way.

168

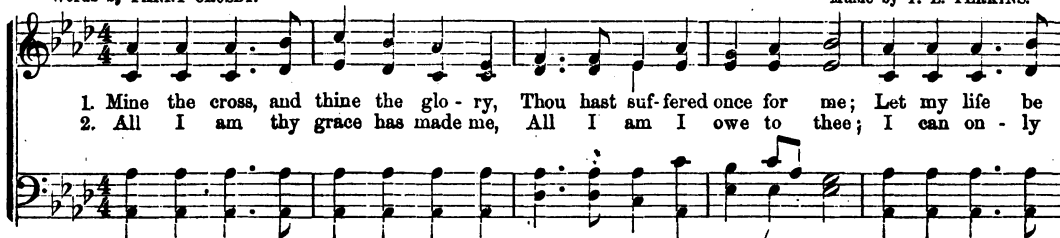
224

MINE THE CROSS.

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

"If we suffer with him." Rom. 8: 17.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.



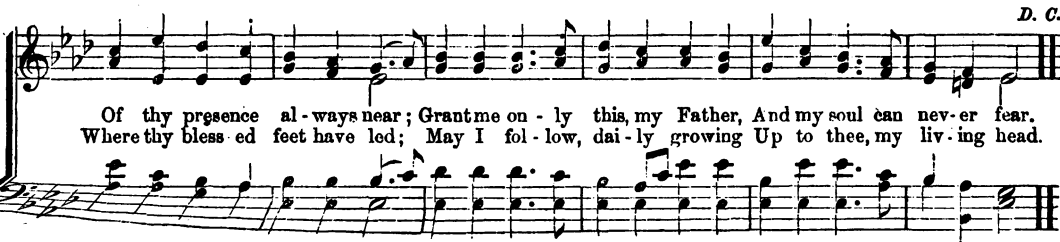
1. Mine the cross, and thine the glo - ry, Thou hast suf - fered once for me; Let my life be
2. All I am thy grace has made me, All I am I owe to thee; I can on - ly

Fine.



calm or cloud - ed, I can trust it, Lord, to thee. Let me feel the sweet as - sur - ance
thank and praise thee For a love so pure and free. I would dai - ly strive to fol - low

D. C.



Of thy pres - ence al - ways near; Grant me on - ly this, my Father, And my soul can nev - er fear.
Where thy bless - ed feet have led; May I fol - low, dai - ly growing Up to thee, my liv - ing head.

MINE THE CROSS.—Concluded.

169

3 Mine the cross, and thine the glory,
Thou hast borne it once for me;
Help me bear with Christian meekness
Every trial sent by thee.

On thy strength alone relying,
With thy lamp to cheer my way,
Leaning on the staff of mercy.
I will labor, trust, and pray.

225

BETHANY.

"Though he be not far from every one of us." Acts 17: 27.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
2. Though like the wan-der - er, The sun gone down, Dark-ness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
Yet in my dreams I'd be, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts,
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise:
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the skies,
Sun, moon and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

170

226

ONWARD, STILL ONWARD.

Words by JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"I press toward the mark for the prize." Phil. 3: 14.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. The morning hours are few and fleet, The day is quickly done; With man-y du-ties in-complete We
 2. Still pressing on where du-ty calls, Still keeping heaven in view, We'll work for Je-sus, for we know, There's

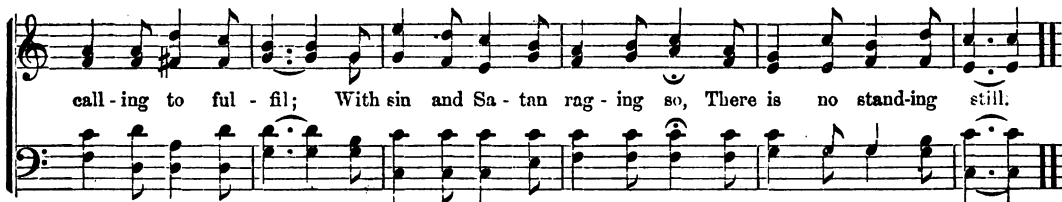
reach the set-ting sun. But still our cour-age must not fail, Tho' tri-als cloud the way, For
 al-ways work to-do. We may not live to see the end Of la-bors we've be-gun; And

Chorus.

on to-mor-row we must join The work be-gun to-day. 'Tis on-ward, onward we must go, Our
 ev-ery day the soul must grieve At something left un-done.

ONWARD, STILL ONWARD.—Concluded.

171



O God! direct each onward step,
Instruct us every day,
And give us strength and courage now
To tread the narrow way.

We praise thee for the love that lights
These hearts and homes of ours,
And bless thee for the joy that crowns
Our consecrated hours.

227

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

Words by PHOEBE CAREY.

"And so shall we be ever with the Lord." 1 Thess. 4:17.

Music by REV. ALFRED TAYLOR.



1 One sweetly | solemn | thought
Comes to me | o'er and | o'er;
I'm nearer my home to- | day
Than I've | ever been be- | fore.

2 Nearer my | Father's | house,
Where the many | mansions | be;
Nearer the great white | throne,
— | Nearer the crystal | sea.

3 Nearer the | bound of | life,
Where we lay our | burdens | down;
Nearer leaving my | cross,
— | Nearer wearing my | crown.

4 But living | darkly be- | tween,
Winding | down thro' the | night;
Is that dim and unknown | stream,
Which | leads at last to | light.

5 Father! per- | feet my | trust,
Strengthen my | feeble | faith;
Let me feel as if I | trod
The | shore of the river, | death.

6 For even | now my | feet
May stand up- | on its | brink;
I may be nearer my | home,
— | Nearer now than | death.

172

228

ONE BY ONE.

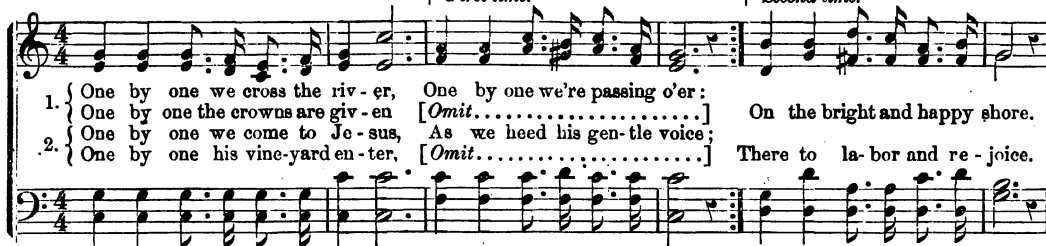
Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

"I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. 2: 10.

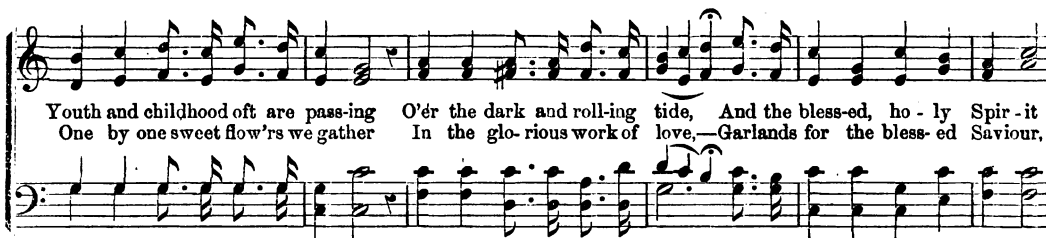
Music by T. E. PERKINS.

First time.

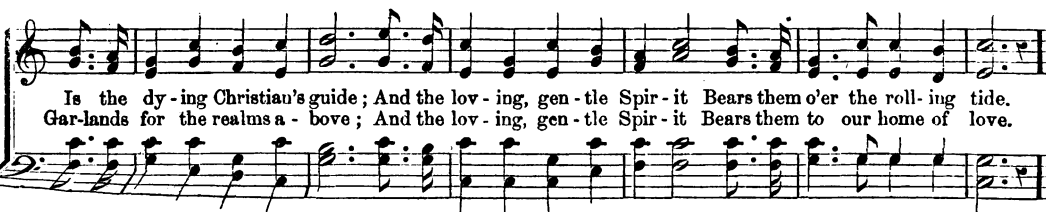
Second time.



1. { One by one we cross the riv-er, One by one we're passing o'er:
 { One by one the crowns are giv-en [Omit.....] On the bright and happy shore.
 2. { One by one we come to Je-sus, As we heed his gen-tle voice;
 { One by one his vine-yard en-ter, [Omit.....] There to la-bor and re-joice.



Youth and childhood oft are pass-ing O'er the dark and roll-ing tide, And the bless-ed, ho-ly Spir-it
 One by one sweet flow'rs we gather In the glo-rious work of love,—Garlands for the bless-ed Saviour,



Is the dy-ing Chris-tian's guide; And the lov-ing, gen-tle Spir-it Bears them o'er the roll-ing tide,
 Gar-lands for the realm's a-bove; And the lov-ing, gen-tle Spir-it Bears them to our home of love.

ONE BY ONE.—Concluded.

173

3 One by one the heavy-laden
Sink beneath the noontide sun ;
And the aged pilgrim welcomes
Evening shadows as they come.
One by one, with sins forgiven,

May we stand upon the shore,
Waiting till the blessed Spirit
Takes our hand and guides us o'er ;
And the loving, gentle Spirit
Leads us to the shining shore

229

IVES. 7.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God." Rev. 7: 15.

E. IVES, Jr.

1 Who are these in bright array,
This exulting, happy throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Hymning one triumphant song ?
"Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came ;
Now, before the throne of God,
Sealed with his almighty name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in every hand,
Thro' their great Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Then, the Lamb, amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels all fears ;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

174

230

SHALL I BE THERE?

Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

"Unto the city of the living God." Heb. 12: 22.

Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. When saints gather 'round thee, dear Saviour, a - bove, And hast - en to crown thee with jew - els of love,
2. When teachers and schol - ars each oth - er shall greet, And join in the au - them at Je - sus' dear feet,

A - mid those bright mansions of glo - ry so fair, Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!
Rich tok - ens of mer - cy for ev - er to share, Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!

Chorus.

Oh, tell me, oh, tell me if I shall be there! Oh, tell me, dear Sav - iour, if I shall be there!

SHALL I BE THERE?—*Concluded.*

175

3 When those who have labored and struggled to save
Their loved ones from sorrow beyond the dark grave,
Are bringing the treasures they gathered with care,
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

4 O blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there!

231

VARINA. C. M. Double.

"They which are written in the Lamb's book of life." Rev. 21: 27.

From RINK.



1.

There is a glorious world of light,
Above the starry sky,
Where saints departed, cloth'd in white,
Adore the Lord most high;
And hark! amid the sacred songs
Those heavenly voices raise,
Ten thousand, thousand infant tongues
Unite in perfect praise.

2.

Those are the hymns that we shall know.
If Jesus we obey;
That is the place where we shall go,
If found in wisdom's way;
This is the joy we ought to seek
And make our chief concern;
For this we come, from week to week,
To rend, and hear, and learn.

3.

Soon will our earthly race be run,
Our mortal frame decay,
Children and teachers, one by one,
Must pass from earth away.
Great God, impress this serious thought
This day on every breast,
That both the teachers and the taught,
May enter to thy rest.

176

232

MY GLORIOUS HOME.

"An house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Corinthians 5:1.

Words by Rev. ALFRED TAYLOR.

Music by Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

Boys.

Girls.

Chorus.

From "Notes of Joy."

1. I have a home, a glorious home, Which Jesus bought for me, An ev - er - bless - ed home of light, From
 2. My Saviour's love, his dying love, Hath made my hope secure; And safe in him I jour - ney on, I

Boys.

Girls.

Chorus.

sin and sor - row free; My Saviour's blood, his precious blood, The blood so free - ly spilt, Hath
 know my home is sure: His gracious smile, his lov - ing smile Shall cheer me all the way; The

paid the all - a - vail - ing price, The price of all my guilt. My home, blest home, From
 pil - grim road I'll glad - ly walk, That leads to glo - rious day.

My home, blest home,

MY GLORIOUS HOME.—*Concluded.*

177



3 I'll praise his love, his boundless love,
His love and grace divine;
By which that happy home's secured,
Secured forever mine.

His grace divine, his power divine,
My strength, my hope shall be,
And bear me to my blessed home,
My Jesus there to see.

233

NO SORROW THERE.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Rev. 21:4.

Rev. E. W. DUNBAR.

D. C. Chorus.



1.
I LOVE to think of heaven,
Where white-robed angels are;
Where many a friend is gathered safe
From fear, and toil, and care.

Chorus.

There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there;
In heaven above, where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2.
I love to think of heaven,
Where my Redeemer reigns;
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise
In endless, joyous strains.

3.

I love to think of heaven,
The saints' eternal home;
Where palms, and robes, and crowns
And all our joys are one. [ne'er fade,

4.
I love to think of heaven,
The greetings there we'll meet:
The harp—the songs for ever ours—
The walks—the golden streets.

5.

I love to think of heaven,
That promised land so fair;
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs
To be forever there.

BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"And they shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. 22 : 5.

REV. R. LOWRY.

Cheerful.

First time.

Second time.



1. { Shall we gath-er at the riv - er, Where bright angel feet have trod ;
 With its crys-tal tide for-ev - er, [Omit.....] Flowing by the throne of God !
 2. { On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil-ver spray,
 We will walk and worship ev - er, [Omit.....] All the hap-py, gold-en day.

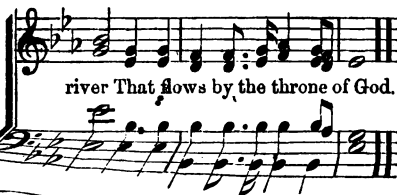


Chorus.

p



Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er, Gather with the saints at the



river That flows by the throne of God.

- 3 On the bosom of the river,
 Where the Saviour-king we own,
 We shall meet, and sorrow never,
 'Neath the glory of the throne.
 4 Ere we reach the shining river,
 Lay we every burden down;
 Grace our spirits will deliver,
 And provide a robe and crown.
 5 At the smiling of the river,
 Mirror of the Saviour's face,
 Saints, whom death will never sever,
 Lift their songs of saving grace.
 6 Soon we'll reach the shining river,
 Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
 Soon our happy hearts will quiver
 With the melody of peace.

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly." 2 Pet. 1: 11.

Arr. for this Work.

1. Heaven-ly home! heaven-ly home! Pre - cious name to me! I love to think the time will
 2. Heaven-ly home! heaven-ly home! There no clouds a - rise, No tear-drops fall, no dark nights
 3. Heaven-ly home! heaven-ly home! Ne'er shall sor - row's gloom, Nor doubts nor fears, dis-turb me

Fine.

come When I shall rest in thee. I've no a - bid - ing cit - y here, I seek for
 dim Thy ev - er - smil - ing skies. This earth - ly home is fair and bright, Yet clouds will
 there, For all is peace at home. I know I ne'er shall worth - y be To dwell 'neath

D. C.

one to come, And though my pil - grim - age be drear, I know there's rest at home.
 oft - en come; And, oh, I long to see the light That gilds my heaven-ly home.
 heaven's bright dome; But Christ, my Sav-iour, died for me, And now he calls me home.

180

236

OVER THERE.

"I go to prepare a place for you." John. 14: 2.

T. C. O'KANE. From "Hallowed Songs, Revised."

1. Oh, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have trod, Of the

O - ver there;

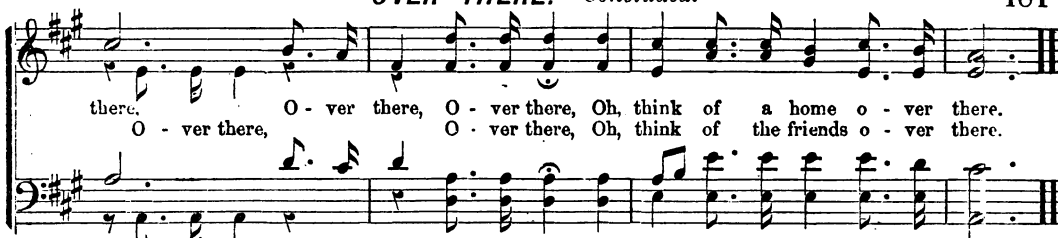
saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their gar - ments of white, O - ver there.
 songs that they breathe on the air In their home in the pal - ace of God, O - ver there.

Refrain.

O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of a home O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver
 O - ver there, O - ver there, Oh, think of the friends O - ver there, O - ver there, O - ver

OVER THERE.—Concluded.

181



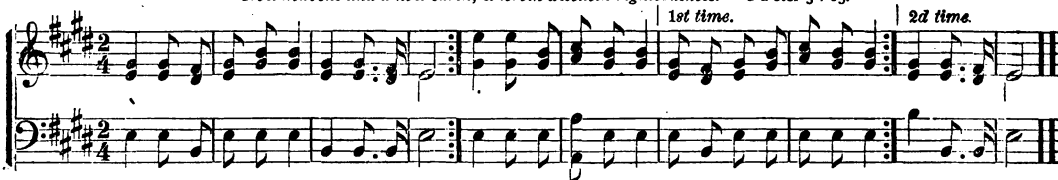
3 My Saviour is now over there,
There my kindred and friends are at rest;
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

237

THE HAPPY LAND.

"New heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter 3:13.



1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Oh, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring;
Praise, praise for aye.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
Blest, blest for aye.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand
Love cannot die.
Oh, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And, bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

182

238

WELCOME HOME.

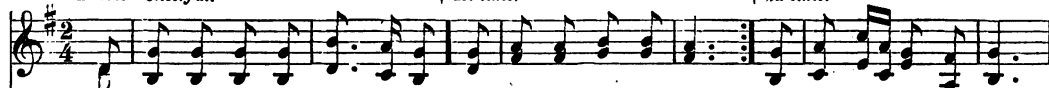
"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory." 1 Cor. 15: 57.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

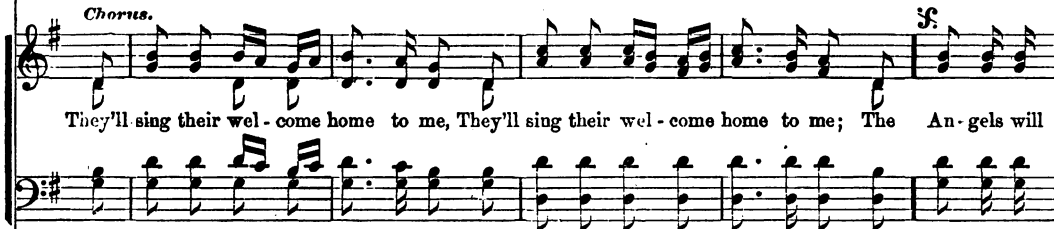
Duet. Cheerful.

| 1st time.

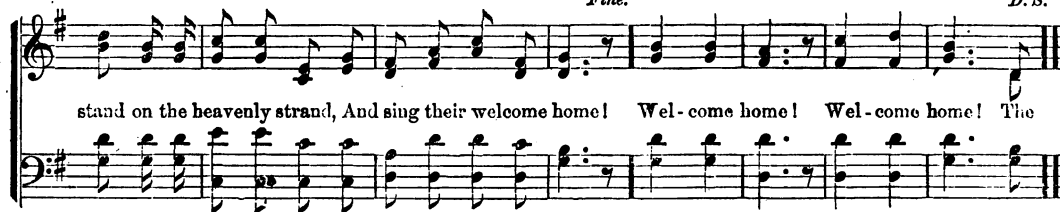
| 2d time.



1. { There is a realm where Je-sus reigns, A home of grace and love, }
 { Where an-gels wait with sweetest strains [Omit.....] } To greet the saints a-bove.

Chorus.

They'll sing their wel-come home to me, They'll sing their wel-come home to me; The An-gels will

*Fine.**D. S.*

stand on the heavenly strand, And sing their welcome home! Wel-come home! Wel-come home! The

2 There sons of earth will join to bless
 The precious Saviour's name,
Dressed in his perfect righteousness.
And saved from sin and shame.

3 Yet all, alas! will not be there,
 For some will slight his grace,
 Tho' now he calls, they do not care
 To turn, and seek his face.

4 He speaks so kindly, "Come to me,
 And I will give you rest;"
 The angels wait their melody,
 To greet you with the blest.

HYMNS TO "WELCOME HOME."

183

239 *"Unto you therefore which believe, he is precious."* 1 Pet. 2: 7.

1 Oh, what hath Jesus done for me,
He died to save my soul;
My sins were great, his mercy free,
His blood hath made me whole.

CHO. He shed his precious blood for me,
He gave his precious life for me,
The Saviour in glory pleads for me,
And bids me welcome home.
Welcome home.

2 He helpeth me in time of need
By his almighty grace;
For me he evermore doth plead,
And I shall see his face.

3 Exalted at the Father's side,
My mansion he prepares;
My home of glory he'll provide;
He answers all my prayers.

4 He is my Lord, my risen Friend—
He reigns upon the throne;
And he will keep me to the end,
Through faith in him alone.

240 *"An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."* 1 Pet. 1: 4.

1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

CHO. There Jesus sits upon the throne,
There Jesus seals me as his own,
I'll stand in my home in his name
He bids me welcome home. [alone.
Welcome home.

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend;
Where congregations ne'er break
And Sabbaths have no end?

2 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy
scenes,
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

241 *"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"*
1 Cor. 15: 55.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessors lie.

CHO. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
My heavenly home is close at hand;
And soon I shall stand in the blood-
bought land,
And dwell with Christ at home.
Welcome home.

2 Oh, the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 O'er all those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds, no poisonous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

6 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Can here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

242 *"Being justified freely by his grace."* Rom. 3: 24.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

CHO. I'll praise my Saviour's wondrous
grace;
He welcomes all our fallen race,
To trust in his grace and seek his face,
And bids us welcome home.
Welcome home.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

184

243

BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"The Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21: 23.

T. J. COOK.

mf

1. Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, built a - bove, Beau - ti - ful cit - y that I
 2. Beau - ti - ful heaven, where all is light, Beau - ti - ful an - gels, clothed in

cres. *f*

love! Beau - ti - ful gates of pearl - y white, Beau - ti - ful tem - ple God its
 white; Beau - ti - ful strains that nev - er tire, Beau - ti - ful harps through all the

mp

light! He who was slain on Cal - va - ry, O - pens these
 choir; There shall I join the cho - rus sweet, Wor - ship - ing

HEAVEN SONGS.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

BEAUTIFUL CITY.—Concluded.

185

f

pearl - y gates..... to me. Zi - - on, Zi - on, love - ly
at..... the Sav - iour's feet.

Repeat. pp

Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful Zi - on, cit - y of our God.

3.

Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conqueror's show,
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear,
Beautiful all who enter there;
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

4.

Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing;
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace;
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to his heavenly home with me.

SONGS OF SALVATION.

186

244

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

"And they shall see his face." Rev. 22 : 4.

B. E. H. From "Chapel Gems."

1. 'Mid the pas-tures green of the bless-ed isles, Where nev-er is heat or cold, Where the
2. There are ti-ny mounds where the hopes of earth Were laid 'neath the tear-wet mold, But the

light of life is the Shepherd's smile, Are the Lambs of the Upper Fold. Where the lil-ies blossom in
light that paled at the stricken hearth Was joy to the Up-per Fold. Oh, the white stone beareth a

fadeless spring, And nev-er a heart grows old, Where the glad new song is the song they sing, Are the
new name now, That nev-er on earth was told, And the ten-der Shepherd doth guard with care The

THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.—*Concluded.*

187

1st. | 2d. *Fine.*

D. S.

Musical score for "The Lambs of the Upper Fold" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Lambs of the Up-per Fold, Fold. Lambs of the Up-per Fold, Lambs of the Up-per Fold.
Lambs of the Up-per Fold, Fold. Lambs of the Up-per Fold, Lambs of the Up-per Fold.

245

HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Heb. 11:13.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

Musical score for "Heaven is My Home" in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff and a bass staff. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

1 I'm but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home:
Dangers and sorrows stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home;
And time's wild, wintry blast
Soon will be over past,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

3 Therefore I murmur not,
Heaven is my home;
Whate'er my earthly lot,
Heaven is my home;
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand,
Heaven is my Fatherland—
Heaven is my home.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"And the Lamb is the light thereof." Rev. 21 : 23.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. From "Singing Pilgrim."

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home of the soul,
2. Oh, that home of the soul, in my vis-ions and dreams, Its bright jas-per walls I can see,

Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vale in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.

While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll;
Be-tween the fair cit-y and me;

3 There the great trees of life in their beauty grow,
And the river of life flows by;
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.

5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

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SONGS OF SALVATION.

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